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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In his life of Frederick the Great Carlyle writes of a certain princess who had meditated from of old on "the infinitely little". We seem to follow her example when we dwell much to-day on public affairs not essential to the mighty struggle on the Western Front. This week there have been such incidents as an omnibus strike, a new Reform Bill, a pacifist debate, preliminary suggestions for an Irish settlement. Of course, they must be attended to, and one must give them a measure of fleeting interest or at least notice. But contrast them with the fighting at Roeux, at Bullecourt, and elsewhere on the Hindenburg and kindred lines, and their infinite littleness is apparent. The enemy there has pulled himself together and launched a succession of fierce counter-attacks, most of which have failed and all of which have been costly. We have not a moment's doubt that the British have the upper hand and that the Germans have no chance of wresting from them the initiative.

The Italians have started on their grand offensive, and before the middle of the week a battle was raging on Isonzo and in sections of the Carso. We believe it an entire error to suppose that the Austrian Army on which the Italians are now throwing themselves is of a second-class character. It contains, and always has, the pick of the Austrians, officers, men, and guns alike, so that our ardent Allies have a gigantic task before them. They have started splendidly, as Mr. Kipling shows, although the Austrian front is sure to have been reinforced by large drafts from the Eastern theatre of operations. This is not the time to pick holes in Italian war and geographical policy. We believe in this great Ally, and trust that she will be able eventually to free and secure the whole of Italia Irredenta in accordance with the official circular of the Italian Commander-in-Chief to his soldiers.

We shall offer no comment on the changes in the French High Command, by which General Pétain

becomes Commander-in-Chief and General Foch Chief of Staff, whilst General Nivelle—under whom the French made their superb recovery on the Verdun front last year, regaining the fort of Vaux as well as of Douaumont—has the command of an army group. It is not for English people or papers, even if they know, to criticise French military appointments. We are concerned in this country with our own High Command only, and it is enough for us to know that the British Army is led by a great soldier, exact, patient, firm, humane, by one who has devotedly studied the art of war since his Oxford days—for Oxford had not another such illustrious son in the 'eighties as Douglas Haig of Bransnose, though she little guessed it in those days! It is good to know that the generous French people, soldiers and civilians, are not willing to be outdistanced by British in their admiration of the Chief.

No capable critic thinks that our Navy is idle, though the voice of the inexpert is frequently heard nowadays. Of late the Navy has been effectively busy. On Sunday it was announced that a very heavy bombardment of an important area at Zeebrugge had been successfully carried out. The Royal Naval Air Service assisted by destroying four enemy machines and driving five down out of control. On Monday came the laconic notice, "Our naval forces destroyed Zeppelin L 22 in the North Sea this morning".

A good deal of criticism has of late been aimed at the Admiralty. The answer to this is a reconstruction announced by the First Lord on Monday in the House. Sir John Jellicoe, the First Sea Lord, becomes Chief of the Naval Staff; Admiral Oliver, Deputy Chief; and Rear-Admiral Duff, Assistant Chief. Rear-Admiral Halsey becomes Third Sea Lord, and Rear-Admiral Tothill succeeds to his place as Fourth in that position. Sir Eric Geddes, who has made one of the great reputations of the war for organisation, joins the

Admiralty with the title of Controller and the honorary and temporary rank of Vice-Admiral.

The purpose of these changes is: (1) To free the First Sea Lord and the heads of the Naval Staff, as far as possible, from the pressure of administrative business, so that they can concentrate their energies on the practical conduct of the Navy; (2) to strengthen the Shipbuilding and Production Departments of the Admiralty by means of an organisation like that which the Army has in the Ministry of Munitions. Sir Eric Geddes, as Controller, will have a big task, for he is to look after the shipping requirements of the Admiralty and of the War Office and Ministry of Shipping as well.

This week's record of sailings and sinkings show a decrease in the number of ships lost all round. The loss of vessels over 1,600 tons in particular is less than the figures of the last two weeks. The vessels unsuccessfully attacked are also much fewer. The decrease may only be temporary, and it is not well to build on it for sanguine conclusions. This week, at any rate, we have the welcome news that a flotilla of United States destroyers, under the command of Rear-Admiral Sims, has arrived to co-operate with our naval forces.

The Russian revolution is running its course. What may be called the Girondist party—though we shall guard ourselves by saying that this is a convenient rather than a precise analogy—is accommodating the Mountain. M. Miliukoff has disappeared, at least from the Provisional Government, and M. Kerensky comes in as the Minister for War in M. Gutchkoff's place. Also General Brusiloff has gone. We admire always the great-hearted Russian people, with its idealism and its aloofness from the carnal and spiritual vulgarity which attends on modern progress and hustle, a vulgarity terribly noticeable among Germans; but we cannot even profess the glib assurance as to the future of the revolution so usual to-day.

Herr Bethmann-Hollweg, who is in a difficult position between the Socialists and the other parties with their various ideas or hopes of the aims and possibilities of Germany, was supposed to be resigning, but he still keeps his place, and on Tuesday last declined in the Reichstag to give a definite detailed statement concerning the war aims of Germany. As to the attitude of the Government, he deprecated conclusions favourable to this party or that derived from its silence, and insisted on maintaining his reserve concerning the general situation, declaring he was in the hands of no party. This attitude is no doubt judicious in the circumstances. Programmes of renunciation and of conquest are equally inept at the present day. But we notice that the Chancellor found himself able to say, "Our military position has never been so good since the beginning of the war". Comment on this statement is unnecessary, but we wonder if even the most Junkerish of Junkers really believes it.

We admired General Smuts's speech last Tuesday, for it was much more than the perfunctory or the fervent collection of platitudes and truisms which usually abound on such occasions, and are always cheered louder than anything in the nature of thought or fresh speculation. His reminiscences of the South African War were also most entertaining, and we agree with him that the fight was fought cleanly. Many a Boer proved a sportsman, as Selous could tell: the German is less a sportsman even than he is a saint, and fair play is not in his book of war. General Smuts was rightly honoured in London this week.

But when he suggests that we shall drop the description, "The British Empire", and find a better, we shall ask to be kindly excused from any effort remotely of the sort. Empire is a great and splendid name for the States of Great and Greater Britain, and it is not

within the bounds of reason, nor, in our view, of possibility, to better it. We notice that the "Westminster Gazette" is eager to agree with General Smuts, and apparently is going to think of a better title. The "Westminster Gazette" would, of course, take that line. In its nostrils any such term as Emperor, Empire, Imperial stinks. It loves its party shibboleths with a consuming love and is offended doubtless by any term that threatens to put in the shade its Parliamentary caucuses and cries. Nevertheless, "The British Empire" is a noble description, and we hold it infinitely finer and more stimulating than any ideal which partisanship ever set its heart on or ever will.

In this connection we heartily concur with Captain Millet, the able Colonial editor of "Le Temps", when he says that Algeria, the Regency, and Morocco really are a "French Empire". They are so, and we venture to suggest that our great Ally, France, might, without doing the least violence to her admirable Government and system of government, name them so. A mighty future is in store for that wonderful Atlas. It has great undeveloped mineral wealth, it has vast grain fields—what bread sweeter than the bread of Setif?—and it has vineyards which threaten even those of France. And what a flora and fauna! When spring comes it is good to be in England in some years; but spring in the Atlas Mountains has seemed to some to be England plus Italy.

A big shell, charged with high explosive, has plumped right down in the midst of the men in the British Isles—except Ireland, of course—between the ages of forty-one and fifty. It passed clean over the heads of about a million to a million and three-quarters of stalwart men between the ages of eighteen and forty-one who were left totally unalarmed and unscathed by it, thanks to the providence with which trade unions and tribunals had carefully placed these younger ones in well-protected situations. "Father first" is said to have been the apposite remark of a carded and badged young hero of twenty-five when his sire, set forty-nine years, was asked to join up in one of the new groups.

Meanwhile exemption for men well under forty-one goes gaily forward. Thus at the Romford Urban Tribunal last week the Army, it seems, only secured one man for immediate service out of seventeen who came up for judgment. It had, however, worse luck at Whitchurch (Salop), where it did not get even one man out of nineteen. Work of "national importance" got the lot there. If this kind of thing goes on, may we not expect presently a general "round up" of the men between fifty and, say, sixty-five?

The public has had a whole week of abstinence not from food but from the food question. Before the Controller made his, on the whole, comforting statement last week, many people were feeling the pangs of hunger through anticipation; with some of the more apprehensive the pangs had begun to gnaw—so singular is the power of suggestion! During the present week the public has felt comparatively recruited. But that this makes for the husbanding of the food supplies is highly questionable. The ideal arrangement would be to alarm the eater into strict economy without in the least degree scaring him, but under the present system we do not know how that is to be done. Let us hope—man lives largely through hope—that Lord Devonport, Mr. Bathurst, and Mr. Kennedy Jones will be able to announce that the bread bill was substantially down this week and the meat bill not substantially up. The age of miracles through "voluntarism", some say, has not yet passed.

And what of starch? When are our collars to become limp? The sooner the better for some classes, notably for special constables, whose collars are so stiff that when they first "put this uniform on" they

wonder whether they may not get their heads half-severed if they look down too suddenly on the pavement. We imagine the mysterious article called the "dicky" is doomed, together with the pairs of detached cuffs. Who shall report that the people at the base are not suffering in this war?

The great point to bear in mind about a food ration is this: it must tend, on the whole, to conserve the dwindling supply of food, provided it is applied to a number of the chief kinds of food. It will probably prove unequal in all manner of ways, it will excite bitterness, all kinds of charges and suspicions must be rife under any system of food rationing, unless we are all living and clubbing together and sharing alike without payment—in fact, living as people do in a hut in the Arctic regions waiting for the return of spring. These inequalities, charges, suspicions have been raging in Germany and in Austria for a long while past; and they are, we believe, essentially unavoidable under any system. But, on the other hand, there is the fact that rationing does help to conserve, even though it works faultily. Germany and Austria could not, we believe, have lived on without a ration, though they are far nearer to self-supporting in bread-stuffs, of course, than is Great Britain.

The "Times" says the Government has decided on State purchase of the liquor trade, and that the choice of a Liquor Controller is now being considered. Will he ration beer or create a spiritless day, putting away the wine which frequently warmed the virtue of old Cato, the sternest of the Romans? He will need to be a strong man, for his task will not be popular. The country has not so far discovered many such men, though when once their strength is realised they are followed, respected, and admired, like that grim headmaster of Rugby who won from a boy the tribute of being a "just beast".

The return of the Sinn Fein candidate for South Longford shows, we think, that the days of the Nationalist Party in Ireland—as represented at Westminster—are indeed numbered. It is no use trying to explain it away by local peculiarities—Longford, like Roscommon, means that Sinn Fein, the party out for a revolution, a republic, and for the complete independence of Ireland, is in the ascendant. The young priests are largely imbued with the doctrine of the new ruling school of Irish nationalism. The outlook in Ireland, we are sorry to say, is very bad, though the country itself is beginning to prosper economically in a way little understood over here. The people have got the land, and they are, it is undeniable, farming it with a great deal of skill and industry in many districts hitherto wretchedly poor and unsuccessful.

The Government's Irish settlement scheme may be thus condensed:—Home Rule Act to be brought into immediate operation for twenty-six counties in Ireland. The six counties of North-East Ulster to be excluded for five years. A Council of Ireland to be created representing Nationalists and Ulstermen in equal numbers to have power to extend Irish legislation and administrative orders to the excluded area and to deal with private Bills. Council to have power to recommend the application of the Home Rule Act to the excluded area. Unionist opinion in Ulster is favourable, but in the South opposition is threatened. The Nationalists are in arms against partition; and it seems certain that Sinn Fein will bitterly oppose anything in this nature.

Last Sunday there was a sudden stoppage without notice of 'buses running in London, and many munition-makers of various kinds have ceased work lately. One strike is bad enough in war time; that two should be going on, the latter concerned with the vital needs of our Army, is a grave scandal and disgrace to the country. Many of the munition-makers,

especially in the North, have now resumed work, but others remain out, though in some cases they do not know why they have been called out. A secret conference, which is stated to have been representative of the whole of the engineering trades, and to have been attended by 100 delegates, met in London on Tuesday for the purpose of negotiation with the Ministry of Munitions. The strike is complicated by the fact that it is run not by the men's unions but by shop stewards. Still, the root of the trouble is clear. It lies in the working of "dilution" and the validity of protection cards. The Government must explain clearly any points that are obscure to the men and have been deliberately misrepresented, and must act at once firmly and decisively. The Government has the country behind it. The homes that have given their nearest and dearest to fight at the front will not tolerate a return to the time when there was not sufficient material to fight with. The duty of providing this material is fully recognised by the loyal workers of Chatham Dockyards, who refused on Monday requests to them to leave work.

The London omnibus strike is due to the London and Provincial Union of Licensed Vehicle Workers. This body has declared null and void a clause of its agreement with the London General Omnibus Company that the employers should not be subject to "sympathetic" strikes, and a minute the effect of which is that it will not use its machinery in defence of men who break the printed agreement with the company. There is also a claim for advance in wages which the company objected to proceeding with if that meant they had to recognise the union after the repudiation of two agreements. The Ministry of Labour, however, advised that the claim should be dealt with, if the men remained at work. The company have agreed to proceed with the inquiry and leave the men to make their own arrangements for representation at it. It will be held as soon as the men return to work. These are the main issues as stated in the House on Tuesday. The position is not creditable to the strikers. Many workers would be glad of an increase in pay in these times, when the price of living has gone up so high, but most of them are patriotic enough to hold their tongues and endure hardness.

Mr. Choate, who died suddenly in New York last Tuesday at the age of eighty-five, was a great lawyer, an effective fighter against Tammany, and one of the most accomplished speakers of his time. In the six years he spent in England (1899-1905) as American Ambassador he did much to increase the cordiality of Anglo-American relations by his happy gifts of geniality and public speaking. Long before that time his wit had crossed the Atlantic. It is best known in his reply when he was asked who he would prefer to be if he was not Mr. Choate—"Mrs. Choate's second husband".

"Inter arma silent leges": everything seems turned upside down, fugitive, and uncertain in the clash of War and the confusion of Revolution. These immense and overwhelming issues take in the whole of life and death, and their very reflection stupefies us. Emerson in the American War confessed to reading the latest "fool bulletin" and taking its opinion with no exercise of his own thoughts, like the rest of the world. Yet Emerson remained a man of letters and a philosopher, and pursued his researches. "Vita sine litteris mors est": that is true even in war time for the many who love letters, and, insignificant as the scholar's work may seem, learning is never contemptible, not worthy to be, like "unregarded age, in corners thrown". Browning has written once for all the apologia of the scholar in "A Grammarian's Funeral". No such apologia is, we think, needed in these columns. We find room for learning to-day on the strange language of the Basks, as we did last summer for an inquiry into the secret of the perfect language of Jane Austen.

LEADING ARTICLES.

BACK AGAIN TO MAN-POWER.

THE decision of the Government to raise the military age and to start two more groups—men from forty to forty-five and from forty-five to fifty—reminds one anew that the problem of man-power is still the master problem of the war so far as British home effort is concerned. From time to time this plain fact has been obscured. Sometimes the public has supposed that the great question is not men, but munitions; or that it is money; or that it is neither men nor munitions nor money, but victuals and vessels; or that it is neither men, munitions, money, victuals, nor vessels, but the decision and diplomacy of some neutral Power. But in the end back we come invariably, after all, to the question of men; and to-day, there being a slight lull over the alarm about victuals, man-power is once again to the fore. The truth is that man-power is a great, vital consideration, though this is not always clearly perceived, in all these other problems of the war. We never really escape from it, however we may appear to do so; and until we solve this problem of man-power in a thorough, scientific, and final manner, we must always be in grave perplexity over food, ships, munitions, and the rest. It has not been solved yet either as regards civil or as regards military service: the fate of Mr. Neville Chamberlain's late scheme and the new volunteering group proposal are a forcible reminder of this.

As to man-power for military service, the ordinary man firmly holds the view that, as the country is in peril and needs men to recruit the great Army in France, it is right that the young men should go first. The proposition is indisputable. The young men are the men whom the Commander-in-Chief has let it be known he requires, and they are especially fitted to excel in the use of arms and to endure the immense physical strain of modern war. One has only to watch for half an hour men being trained in the use of the bomb and the bayonet, for instance, to be completely satisfied of this; and the bomb and the bayonet have a vast deal to say in this struggle going on across the water. Therefore it is only common sense to agree that the young men—subject, of course, to the medical test—should go first. Should they all go first? Certainly, replies the ordinary man, except such as are absolutely indispensable for making munitions and ships and for cultivating the land. Again the proposition appears to us to be indisputable, and we have never met a man or a woman set on winning the war who would for a moment quarrel with or modify it. They would as soon think of disputing the calculation that two and two make four.

It is no use suggesting to them that the "card" system, pledge, or whatever it is, alters the fact, or warning them that exports must be kept up so that we shall have plenty of money to lend our Allies. For the truth is, they know they are right, and that "cards" and exports are the excuses of those who are not set on winning the war outright and as soon as it can possibly be done. When the ordinary man is right about a perfectly simple, straightforward question such as this is, he is mercilessly right, and the most cunning, practised arguers in the world will not shake him. This is the position of the plain, honest man in regard to the need and justice of the young men going first: he has a bull-dog grip of that clear truth. In the next few weeks or months, when the older men, the men between forty and fifty, are

coming in at the call of the Government, we shall hear a great deal more about this. There will be an agitation, a warm and unpleasant one. 1915 and 1916 were full of agitations of this character; but we cannot help feeling that, unless "cards" and exports and the like shortly go by the board, the 1917 agitation may prove about the most unforgiving and unamiable of all. It is human nature that it should be so, and it is the rough justice of war.

In the end the State will get for this mortal struggle against the power of Germany all the men it wants, if it has even to begin at seventeen and go up to sixty, and it is by no means certain that we shall not find ourselves in the region of the latter figure before the contest ends. The submarines will not beat us, nor will events in the East, though both may hit us hard. The State will ultimately find the men and will supply them with the munitions. It is the length of the operation, not its result, that disconcerts us, and until this problem of man-power is disposed of we shall not see peace, but only its mirages.

THE EUROPEAN PROLETARIAT AND THE WAR.

THE war is beginning to tell hardly on the proletariat of Europe, and it is not surprising that we hear the mutterings of discontent in many lands. Food scarcity and the loss of men affect the poor with the actual risk of starvation and with the future prospect of diminished earnings. War prolonged beyond expectation, and conducted with peculiar savagery, has piled up a load of human sorrow of which the weight is borne by the shoulders of all classes, but felt most severely by those who have to face poverty as well as loss. Hence there has come about a change of feeling among certain sections which it is well to note as an important factor in the situation of to-day. When the war began nationalism was in every land the dominant emotion. It is still, we believe, the most powerful passion, but there are many signs that it is being weakened or modified and controlled by the intellectual creed of internationalism. At one end of the scale we have Lord Hugh Cecil proclaiming that nationalism is incompatible with Christianity, and at the other the Russian Socialist iterating and reiterating the gospel that the German is his brother, even when he has a bomb in his hand. The International, which went utterly to pieces in August 1914, is making a desperate effort to reconstruct itself. No longer does its name produce that shock of terror in political and capitalist circles which it was wont to do; but it would be foolish not to realise that its influence over the great city and industrial populations is always considerable, and may become decisive. Before the war German Socialists had much power by reason of their intellectual calibre in this organ of the social democracies.

The Parliamentary Socialists of the various nations may not be complete or perfect representatives of the proletariat, but they are the only source available if we wish to understand the discontent and desires of the crowd. It is an interesting fact that in every State there has been a division of the Socialist party into a nationalist majority and an internationalist minority. In every country the majority is in close relations with the Government and is assisting the national cause openly and officially. The characteristic differences between these majority and minority Socialists are well illustrated among ourselves by the different temperaments of, say, Mr. Arthur Henderson and Mr. Philip Snowden. Not vague dreams, but practical realities, not the building of Utopias, but the beating of the Germans, occupy the energies of Mr. Henderson, while Mr. Snowden is more like Robespierre, who was fanatically preoccupied by his ideals

even when the enemy was invading France and the whole new scheme of the Revolution was in danger of being overthrown by foreign arms. It is a pressing European question to-day whether the Henderson or the Snowden type is to prevail among the Socialists of the Allies. The same divergence exists in Germany, but events there are so carefully hidden or cunningly "presented" that it is dangerous to base hopes or establish conclusions upon the information that is given us. In Italy we know that there is an active party which is working against their Government and against the idea of a fight to the finish. In France, which has shown to the world a serener unity and a more fixed will than any other nation, the minority Socialists have resolved to attend the Stockholm conference and to re-establish, so far as they can, the International. They have, indeed, announced that they will formally raise the question of Alsace-Lorraine, and propose that the future of the provinces shall be determined by a ballot of the inhabitants. It will be interesting to see what the German Socialists reply. This resolve of the French minority Socialists is by no means unimportant, but it has been vigorously condemned by the majority of French Socialists, who demand the punishment of the originators of the war, including among them the German Socialists who so joyfully supported the German Government in 1914. The International cannot completely reconstruct itself at Stockholm, as Great Britain and Belgium have both declined to be represented there. It is possible, however, that our Independent Labour Party may send delegates.

Great Britain, however, has never been a fruitful soil for internationalism, and we are confronted by other evidences of insurgency and discontent. The strike of engineers was a reckless and utterly unpatriotic protest against the withdrawal of the trade-card system. That system actually gave to certain trade unions the privilege of exempting their members from the duty of military service. It was an amazing privilege for any Minister to confer on a private corporation within the State, and it was an invaluable one when all the shirkers were seeking to save their skins. They tumbled over one another in their rush to join the privileged unions. The privilege ought never to have been granted, and the Government have shown courage in withdrawing it, while the union leaders have shown patriotism in agreeing to its withdrawal. But the young men no longer feel safe from the Army, and the young men have struck work without the consent of their official leaders. There is no economic grievance at the back of this strike, but there has been a cunning campaign of misrepresentation by those who are seeking to end the war and who above all things hate Mr. Lloyd George and the present Government. The discontented intellectuals and the exasperated party men in London never weigh the consequences to the Allied cause if they see a chance of damaging the Premier or his Ministry. Take, for example, the persistent attacks on Lord Milner for his "Prussianism". It is constantly insinuated that he wishes to repeal Magna Carta and the Habeas Corpus and trial by jury and all the other pillars of our liberty. Romantic history is called in to support unvarnished invective. All the inevitable curtailments of our liberty spring from the Defence of the Realm Act, passed by Mr. Asquith long before Lord Milner had any share in the Government. All the excessive profits made by ship-owners and coalowners and millowners, which have naturally roused violent animosity in the proletariat, were made in the early days of the war under Mr. Asquith's rule, and the present Ministry has actually placed all three trades under State control. Yet the Liberal intellectuals, although they profess to support the war, do not scruple to play on every note of popular discontent. In Ireland we never look in vain for insurgency, but it is difficult to regard the Sinn Fein movement as in any real sense connected with the war or with any strong current of European feeling. True, it aims at a republic, but it is intensely

national, and Ireland has escaped the sufferings of war more than any other part of Europe. Sinn Fein is as much a revolt against Redmondism, against its narrow views and its fruitless compact with the British Liberals as it is against the English connection. Every Irish movement produces in time an Irish revolt against itself, and we shall perhaps see Sinn Fein itself condemned by future Irishmen as too respectable to be supported.

The Russian revolution has, of course, been the strongest cause of the recrudescence of internationalism in Europe. So startling an overthrow of authority was bound to react on the proletariat in every nation. Think how the heather caught fire in 1848. In England there has been wild talk by men who have tried to exploit the Russian example for their own ends. A fortnight ago the Free Trade Hall at Manchester was crowded by a meeting to congratulate the Russians. One speaker said that a revolution was needed in England as much as in Russia, while another used these words: "We were told that three men would gain a glorious victory for the Allies, the Tsar, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Lloyd George. Now the Tsar has gone, Mr. Hughes has gone, and Mr. Lloyd George is—" the speaker paused, and loud cheers showed the wishes of the crowd.

But the saner leaders of populist parties in other countries are in despair at present over events in Russia. While they set all their political and economic hopes on better and more scientific organisations, the Russians are adopting a naked and anarchic individualism. Man is to be, as Shelley saw him,

"Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless".

It is sometimes said that the new Russian policy and American intervention tell in the same direction. Yet, while in Russia all is fluidity, the States are notable for their stable constitutions and strong executive. Sir Henry Maine pointed this out long ago. One of the few hopeful possibilities of the immediate future in Russia is that the American mission may produce some order out of chaos. France and England may be "back numbers" in advanced circles in Petrograd, but the States still enjoy some reputation for progressiveness.

The question that rises after considering the new signs and portents in Europe is: Is the proletariat, by its adherence to internationalism, or by losing its power of enduring and its will for victory, going to save his dominion for the Kaiser? Unintentionally and unknowingly it is now, so far as its power extends, acting on his behalf. It is a suicidal policy. We have warnings enough as to the future of Europe if the powerful ruling class in Germany preserves its authority. General Stein said a few days ago that as England and the States now find great armies necessary, Germany must make herself stronger than ever after the war. If Germany is left unconquered, with a threatening force in her hands, with her ambitions insatiate and unsatisfied, all the policies of regeneration will have to be put away in their pigeon holes.

THE NEW EMPIRE ORGANISATION.

THE Imperial War Cabinet and the Empire War Conference lately concluded their sittings, and General Smuts's speech this week reminded people of the value of their labours. We cannot for a moment agree to General Smuts's view that the term Empire is wrong, but otherwise his oratory is bracing. The second of these bodies passed some stimulating resolutions, by far the most important of which to our mind was in favour of making the Empire independent of foreign food, raw material supply, and shipping.

It is safe to say that most people do not yet understand the reason why the old Imperial Conference should have been, as it were, superseded, or at least put in an inferior position, by the new Empire War Cabinet; nor have the occasional and partial explanations which have appeared altogether solved the

mystery. At the beginning we were told that the Imperial Conference was inadequate to the needs of the Empire, and that decisions could be arrived at by a Cabinet which a mere Conference could not achieve. The statement was not altogether accepted by those who have watched the steady development of the Conference from its first informal meeting thirty years ago; but it was soon announced by those who had hailed the Empire Cabinet as an advance on the right road that even this advance was inadequate. A Cabinet must be responsible to some executive, and while there was an Empire Cabinet there was no one Empire executive, nor could there be until a new Parliament of the Empire was summoned. If the old Conference was a body without a head, the new Cabinet was a head without a body.

The distinction was real and fundamental; it was the difference between the old Imperial Federation of the 'eighties under another guise and the "nation-within-the-Empire" conception of the post-Boer war period, or between the centralist and autonomist schools of growth. The arguments on both sides are familiar and need not be repeated at length. The centralist school feared lest the loose structure of the Empire, which had proved sufficient in the early days of feeble Colonies in their infancy, should prove inadequate when the Empire States had grown into federated nations; and there were certain signs before the war which did something to justify their apprehensions. The theory, which started in South Africa, and found a brief and partial echo in Canada, that a Dominion might proclaim its neutrality in a war in which the United Kingdom was engaged was a case in point; it was rightly felt that this was autonomy run mad. But the first week of war shattered that illusion, and the enthusiasm with which the self-governing States offered their services, for the campaign certainly seemed to justify the autonomous contention that the new nationalist conception of the Empire was not a source of danger, but of strength in war as in peace. So far from being divided, the Empire was united in 1914 as never before.

What, then, remained of the centralist theory? The peril of neutrality obviously no longer existed: the Empire was solid. But it was, of course, open to allege that the Empire which had stood together in war might yet fall asunder in peace, particularly if the Dominions were not consulted in the terms of peace, and the German colonies which they had subdued were treated as pawns in the settlement. This was indeed a real difficulty, and it was enhanced by the reluctance, or rather refusal, of the late Government to call an Imperial Conference to discuss these very questions of the ultimate settlement. Fortunately the new Government in this, as in other matters, speedily made amends for its predecessor's sins of omission, and it had not been in office a fortnight before the Imperial Conference was called to discuss the war, the terms of peace, and the problems which would then immediately arise.

Both schools of Imperialists, the autonomists and the centralists, welcomed the calling of the Dominion statesmen into Council, by whatever name it was called. But there was at once a divergence between them, not indeed as to the war or its aims—for both were equally convinced that the war must be fought out to a clean-cut victory—but as to the nature of the post-war problems which were postulated for discussion. The autonomist held that there were sufficient practical questions to occupy any Conference—demobilisation, the return of Dominion contingents to their homes, the arrangement of broad details as to the emigration and settlement of British soldiers, and the complicated question of inter-Imperial finance, the British Government having made large advances to the Dominions since 1914. The centralist, on the other hand, while not denying the existence of these questions, was inclined to concentrate on the political side of the matter, and a large, if somewhat vague, programme of Parliamentary reconstruction was sketched out: the new Empire Cabinet was to super-

sede the Imperial Conference, and a new Imperial Parliament, to which that Cabinet was to be responsible, was to be created. The idea had been discussed at some length by Lord Milner and others in papers read to the Empire Parliamentary Association a year before the war, when the whole project, owing to the objection of the late Government to do anything at all, appeared academic; but it at once became actual and urgent when the new Government summoned the Imperial Conference.

A certain limited success rewarded those who favoured political reconstruction. The Imperial Conference was shunted into the Colonial Office; the Empire War Cabinet took its place. But the central Parliament of the Empire obstinately refused to materialise. A cautious speech by one of the members of the Cabinet announced that while immediate questions were being considered the vast subject of Imperial reconstruction must necessarily be left over till after the war, since the problem was too great to be thoroughly ventilated in the necessarily limited time at the disposal of the Ministers. In other words, the programme of the autonomists was being carried out, while that of the centralists was postponed.

A recent remark by General Smuts, that the true path of Empire lay in giving the greatest amount of freedom to its individual members, indicates that the autonomist point of view is by no means lacking in support in the inner councils; and this in fact is and remains the insuperable difficulty of those who would federate the Mother Country and the Dominions. A federation implies a central organisation. If that organisation has no authority it is obviously useless, and it will fail; men will not come from the other side of the world to take part in an impotent assembly, and the fact that they have continually crossed the world to take part in the Imperial Conference implies that that assembly is not, as some of its critics have hinted, impotent. But if the new central organisation which is advocated is given power, it must to that extent derogate from the existing powers both of the Westminster and the Dominion Parliaments; it would be either a nullity or a new sovereign body. For the former the Empire has no use; for the latter it is not ready. It has developed on other lines.

It is quite true that the next hundred years will bring forward very difficult problems. The relations of the Dominions with the United Kingdom may need considerable modification. It is conceivable that their populations will be as great as ours in the year 2000—a year which children now born may live to see. But these problems will arise gradually, these modifications will come slowly, and they will come the more easily and readily if the Empire is not hampered by a constitution which may indeed be constructed so as to fit 1917, but cannot conceivably be constructed to fit 1970. It is wisely said that we must build for the future, and we have done so; but we cannot compel people to live in the building. So far the house has proved habitable, and we have altered it, enlarged it, and added outbuildings at our pleasure or need after the usual English fashion. It is a mixture of styles that offends the architects of Imperial unity, just as an English cathedral offends the purist in stone; but it has accommodated a somewhat large family with success, and none of them appear inclined to leave it and set up for themselves.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 146) BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. G. STONE, C.M.G.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE SUBMARINE WAR ON GERMAN LAND STRATEGY.

IN the last "Appreciation" it was pointed out that Sir Douglas Haig's successful attack on the Vimy position gave the strategic initiative definitely and indisputably to the Allies on the Western front.

It was followed up ruthlessly by a succession of blows over the whole front from Lens to Auberive, eighteen miles east of Reims, which, with almost uninterrupted success, brought our line at the beginning of this week from a rough semicircle averaging about two and a half miles round the north, west, and south of Lens through a point between Arleux and Fresnoy, through Gavrelle, Roeux, Guémappe, past the west of Chérisy, west of Bullecourt, between Lagnicourt and Quéant, to Gouzeaucourt, thence between Epéhy and Le Catelet to the north of St. Quentin, bending westwards round St. Quentin to the west of La Fère, and following closely the western boundary of Forêt de Coucy and the eastern boundary of the Basse Forêt de Coucy, continued east of Laffaux to the Chemin des Dames, along which it runs for seven miles until it crosses to the north of that great highway through Courtecon, Ailles, and Vauclerc, south of Carbeny (N.E. of Craonne), soon afterwards bending down in a S.E. direction through Betheny (famous for the first air meeting), to the east of Reims, through the disputed and difficult country about Nogent l'Abbesse to Moronvillers four and a half miles N.W. of Auberive. This determined offensive over a front of about 120 miles by the French and British acting on a well considered plan under the supreme direction of one head has compelled Hindenburg to conform to our initiative and to bring up his reserves to counter our blows at any and every point where they appear most seriously to threaten his line. On the north he is faced with the possibility of a British advance on Mons in the event of having to give up the positions which he holds between Lille and Cambrai; in the centre he has at all costs to prevent the Allies from establishing themselves in the strong positions from Cambrai to Laon; and on the south he has to count with the ever increasing danger of Laon being completely outflanked by the growing pressure from the French to the south-east of that place, and with the possibility of an offensive in great force to the east of Reims in a northerly direction, which would give our Allies the line of the Aisne up to Rethel.

The Droucourt-Quéant line at present holds out, and so long as it remains in German possession it will prove an insuperable obstacle to a decisive fight for the Lille-Cambrai line, and will afford our enemies time to strengthen their defences in that quarter; their furious and ultimately successful counter-attacks against Fresnoy bear witness to the importance which they attach to holding on to the switch line as long as possible, even at the cost of disproportionate casualties on a large scale.

It seems evident that, no matter what it costs him, Hindenburg intends to dispute every step of our advance from our present positions, and to use his reserves, if necessary, with a prodigality which may seem to border on recklessness: in doing this he would appear to be playing our game, for so long as we can get him to fight a slowly losing battle, involving far heavier casualties than we are suffering on our side, we are gradually destroying his armies in the field, which is our true objective.

The situation on the Eastern frontier, unfortunately, enables Germany to bring powerful reserves from that theatre of war to the Western front, and thus increases to a very serious extent the demands upon the Allies in France: these demands must be met by a corresponding increase in the effectives which we place at the disposal of Sir Douglas Haig, and we can then continue the process of exhausting the German reserves in the confident assurance that long before we have reached the end of our tether the Allies will be able to put such a force of fresh troops into the field that no doubt can be felt as to the final result.

It might be supposed that the violence of the German resistance is dictated by the idea that it is all-important to obtain decisive results at any cost this summer, i.e., before the Allies on the Western front can be reinforced by the Armies of the United States; and perhaps, to some extent, by the belief that for the

next few months Russia cannot be relied upon for any strong offensive owing to internal difficulties and the dislocation of her military machine; whereas it is possible that if she is given breathing time she may prove capable of a serious effort later on.

There is, however, another point of view altogether which would explain Hindenburg's determination to hold on to his present positions regardless of cost, and if necessary to use up all his reserves, including those which he draws from the Eastern front, and which should prepare us for the most desperate fighting we have yet seen. It lies in the belief on the part of the German High Command that in a few months the U boat campaign will be completely successful in bringing Great Britain to her knees, and that on this supposition it is essential, no matter what the cost may be, for the German armies on the Western front at least to maintain their positions, and thus be able to maintain the confidence of the German nation in the belief that on land they are unbeaten in the field, while every day that passes brings nearer the promised victory by sea. At any cost the country must be made to hold out until the U boat campaign has been given time to run its course. No doubt the German people expected it to achieve its object in a few weeks—they were equally sanguine about the success of their Zeppelins—the German High Command knows that it will take more than a few weeks—that it may take many months—but they know that unless it is successful within a few months they will have to reckon on the indefinite prolongation of the war on land by reason of the appearance of American armies in the field in a steady procession, of which they cannot see the end. A strategic retirement "according to plan" would be a dangerous expedient at this critical period; it might economise troops and munitions and delay the day of reckoning, while every art known to German diplomacy was being used to neutralise Russia and thus ultimately set free the whole of the effectives at Germany's disposal in the East which are at present occupied in that quarter; but it would place Germany in a disadvantageous position from which there could be no recovery in the event of her U boat campaign not being completely successful, it would impair the moral of her troops and shake the confidence of her people, and it might have far-reaching effects on her allies, who, once their faith in a German victory was seriously shaken, would be not unwilling to desert an ally from whom they had nothing further to expect in the shape of help and nothing further to fear.

If this view is correct we must anticipate the most violent and ferocious reaction on the part of the German armies against our present offensive; there will be no yielding of ground anywhere without the most terrific counter-attacks, which will be repeated, regardless of loss, until they are successful in winning back any point which for the moment seems to threaten the continued hold of their present positions; on our side we must continue to press them until we have at least secured the best possible positions for consolidating our line and obtaining a permanent advantage of terrain which will enable us to continue the offensive when and where we wish; we must be prepared to lose any number of men, provided that in the result we cause the enemy to lose twice as many, but we must lose no time in providing for their replacement, and for the increase of our effectives to such a point that we can, without hesitation, seize the right moment when it arrives, and throw the whole force of our manhood into the culminating struggle which we believe will for ever free the world from the nightmare of German world supremacy.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

LORD GRIMTHORPE.

By A. A. B.

JUST thirty-one years ago, in the early months of 1886, I found myself on the front Opposition bench below the gangway seated next to a young man of my own age with curling brown hair and distinguished features of deadly pallor, dandily-dressed, and wearing in his buttonhole the red flower of a joyous life. Glancing at the card over his seat I read the names "Beckett Denison". We became fast friends and fellow-conspirators, for we were against all Governments, being new members, and fancying that our talents were not appreciated. I think that Ernest Beckett was first attracted to me by my notice of motion relating to railways, which compelled his father, Mr. William Beckett, to come down every night about twelve in order to oppose me. The father fumed and the son smiled, as sons will on those who annoy their sires. How keenly we plotted, and with what infinite zest we pursued the shadows of those times! The best speech which Ernest Beckett made in his salad days was his denunciation of Lord Salisbury's cession of Heligoland to the Germans, one of the rare instances in which the judgment of youth was better than that of age. The Conservative leaders ignored Mr. Beckett just as they ignored Mr. Legh (now Lord Newton)—why, I never could understand, as both were clever, well born, and rich. Perhaps it was because they did not belong to the Kent gang, which, under the auspices of Mr. Akers Douglas and Lord Abergavenny, controlled the patronage. It was a great pity, both for the sake of the Conservative party and of the young men who wasted the best years of their youth. A place in the Government would have steadied Ernest Beckett, who wanted stability, and who was discouraged by the stupidity of the Whips. He attached himself to the fortunes of that unlucky statesman, Lord Randolph Churchill, to whom he loyally adhered after the latter's extrusion from office and his quarrel with Louis Jennings. When Lord Randolph died in 1894 and Lord Salisbury formed his second Government Beckett found himself once more in the cold, this time probably owing to the irruption of Mr. Chamberlain and his Radical Unionists, who crowded out many Tories. After 1900, when Lord Salisbury formed his third and last administration, Mr. Ernest Beckett, Mr. Harry Cust, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Mr. Jack Seely formed one of those guerilla bands, "ripe for revolt and greedy for reward", which are the joy of Parliaments and the sorrow of Ministries. The subject they chose for attack happened to be the Army, and the Minister, Mr. Brodrick, but any other subject and any other Minister would have done as well. In Free Trade Ernest Beckett really believed, and he stoutly refused to be seduced from his creed by the wiles of Mr. Chamberlain. A peer can sit anywhere and say anything he likes. Lord Grimthorpe was so much opposed to Tariff Reform that he left the Carlton, was elected to Brooks's, and sometimes appeared on the Liberal benches in the House of Lords.

Lord Grimthorpe was the most charming companion I ever knew, for he had travelled everywhere, had read much, and talked willingly and well on every subject under the sun. He never declined a challenge in conversation and was not one of those fools who think argument a bore. He enjoyed the prattle of pretty women; but when he wanted good talk he invited to his Tusculan villa guests of the male gender. It goes without saying that he listened as well as talked, and he was a past master in the art of putting his guests at their ease and drawing out the best that was in each.

These are great social gifts, and Lord Grimthorpe had some rare virtues. Of snobbery, so common amongst people who ought to be above it, he was absolutely devoid. He once said to me: "I hate my title! It has brought me nothing but ill-luck: I wish

I could be Ernest Beckett again"; and I believe he meant it. His appreciation of intellectual excellence of all kinds, literary, musical, artistic, was genuine and enthusiastic. His first question about a new acquaintance was not, "Who is he?" but "What has he done?" He was considerate and generous to servants, whom he treated with courtesy. Yet with all his knowledge of the world I think Lord Grimthorpe was the worst judge of character I ever met. His trust and his distrust were alike mistimed and misplaced. The explanation was this: Lord Grimthorpe's outlook on life was purely intellectual. Like Sidonia, he was deficient in that part of the human organism called "a heart". It was to his intellect alone that men appealed, and he had no rule by which to measure their morality. For a good story or a happy quotation he would have trusted you with thousands; while a dull and unsympathetic talker would excite his strong and groundless suspicion. And thus he flitted across the stage, a graceful, pathetic, ineffectual figure.

MOUSE—AND OTHERS.

HE came to the company in the spring of two years ago. "Some horses from remounts, sir; will you see them? None of 'em much to look at except one, a big mouse-coloured gelding; that we shall have a job to match". Thus my C.S.M. That was my first meeting with Mouse. He stood nearly a hand higher than any other horse on the picket line—a conscious Saul among rather ordinary Israelites. From head to heels he was heavy draught, with that about him that said very plainly, "Put it behind me and I'll pull it". He had the straight back and the shoulders that give the fine bearing for the collar, the thighs and fore-arm well proportioned, the shank short. The feet were squarely placed. Unusual strength was denoted in the big knees and hocks, and from hock to fetlock he was straight as a pillar. The neck and quarters were good in muscle. He had the heart of Ajax and I believe he loved to use his great strength.

When the Division left England he came overseas with us. He endured Belgium and France. He toiled on all the Fronts, the beast of a hundred burdens, a campaigner of wide experience. He knew the broken roads of Ypres, Armentières and Arras, and the unspeakable Somme. He accepted with an equine stoicism his bewildering, restless, everchanging world. I never saw Mouse ruffled but once. A piece of shrapnel had buried itself deep in the hip and it was necessary to operate. So the huge body was bound with cords in the shoeing stocks while a vet. searched him with a probe cunningly designed to accommodate him with both general and particular hell. The operation was successful; but it cost us a new shoeing stocks and casualised one veterinary officer and part of my farrier corporal.

He was one of the first horses to drag his load through the smoking wreckage of Fricourt. Summer and winter, day and night, through dust, through mud, he went with his wagonloads of food, fuel, sandbags, iron, trench-boards, wire and bombs—all that must go up where men may live and fight. But the Somme broke him. The long nights up to the hocks in the half-frozen mud, the villainous tracks, cursed, banged and battered out of all semblance to a road—where to stumble was often death—the miserable ration (cut down when most needed), the bitter cold, the insufficiency of water: all this and more Mouse knew and suffered. The big frame shrank to a hideous caricature of its former glory. He moved clumsily, the big head drooping and the ears lopping;

and he took to "brushing" from sheer weakness. Once he fell in harness. "He would stand on the lines looking out in front of him, his eyes set in that curious, perplexed stare that the books register as "one of the symptoms of debility". And so to the inevitable end, and he was written off the company roll: No. 48, H.D., dun gelding, faint star, aged, incapable of further work, destroyed.

When the slaughter is ended and the tale of those who made the supreme sacrifice complete, let men not be unmindful of the inglorious dead whose end was commonplace, little observed, always hideous. They lie thick in the stricken villages, and the shell-holes and filth of the roadside where the mud—the devil's glue—has broken first their hearts and then their bodies. They are at the mercy of the grim Machine that is still sending men and beasts to work and suffer and die. High explosive has slain its thousands, but ignorance and indifference its tens of thousands. I once heard a transport sergeant laugh, as is the way with some men at the signature of suffering, as a gaunt, stumbling derelict was led past; and I saw the man sneak away with his tail between his legs when an officer who was standing there said, "If your heart was half as great as that horse's, sergeant, you'd be a better man and a damn sight better N.C.O."

There is a prayer in the Russian Liturgy for the "humble beasts who serve us on the field of battle". Is that field the end? When I look into the dull, pitiful eyes of the poor devils who never know rest, I snap my fingers at Church, Creed or Council that would deny to these another world where there is neither fighting, nor wounds, nor sickness, nor cruelty, nor mud; a paradise of green pastures and many-shadowed streams.

H. C.

THE SAVOY "HAMLET".

By JOHN PALMER.

I AM told that when Randolph Churchill attended the first night performance of Sir Henry Irving's Hamlet he was thoroughly absorbed by the play and quite sincerely regretted that his political duties called him away untimely in the middle of the story. Meeting Sir Henry afterwards he said: "I was most extraordinarily interested in your Hamlet—a thoroughly entertaining play. Tell me, how does it end?"

There is a point to this story which is well appreciated by Mr. H. B. Irving in his introductory remarks to the Savoy acting edition. Quite apart from its merits as a world's masterpiece, "Hamlet" must undoubtedly be a thoroughly entertaining play to anyone who has never seen or read it. No one approaching it in the simplicity of ignorance, unburdened with a sense of its accumulated tradition and three centuries of prestige, could fail to be quite ingenuously interested in the mere life and adventures of this amiable and unfortunate young prince, in watching him set about with perils, weighted with dreadful secrets, and dedicated to the pursuit of that most popular of theatrical motives, a just revenge. Long before the poets, critics, philosophers, and thinkers have got to work upon "Hamlet" the crowd has claimed its satisfying share. I have seen Claudius hissed from the stage by an audience which accepted Hamlet's excuse for refraining from vengeance while the King was in prayer quite literally and with delighted applause. For reasons of their own this audience had made up its mind to like Hamlet, and was immensely pleased that his wicked uncle should be thus deliberately reserved for a more horrid death thereafter. "Hamlet", in fact, is essentially a good dramatic story of a superlatively simple type, and it behoves all producers who handle it to remember this along with all the rest.

Mr. Irving starts quite candidly with the modest ambition of at least making the story plain; of showing to such as have never seen or read the play (the numerous happy companions of Lord Randolph in his enviable capacity for an unexpected interest in the classics) how King Claudius plotted to betray young Hamlet with spies (Rosencrantz and Guildenstern); how Hamlet played the detective and caught the King's conscience in a mouse-trap; how this same King planned to have Hamlet killed in England; how Hamlet fought the pirates and escaped, for all the world like a resourceful hero of romance; why exactly Laertes rebelled, and why Claudius was not able to kill or remove our popular young hero too openly. In a word, Mr. Irving treats "Hamlet" as a play which must be made intelligible before it can be recognised as profound. Therby he has produced a robust and salutary version.

Granted that an acting version must be made (too vexed a matter for discussion here), I know no version which I would rather choose at this time than Mr. H. B. Irving's. For one thing, since it really tells the story and omits none of what we might describe as the executive passages of the play, it should have a really healthy effect upon recent critical tendencies. We have naturally come to attach more value to soliloquies which we know by heart than to a play which we never see in full, except on some rare ceremonial occasion (as the other day, most capitally done, in the Waterloo Road). We have got into the habit of judging Hamlet more by what he says of himself than by what he actually does in the play. For most of us he is the author of "to be or not to be" (which is not even the third-best speech in the play, and is certainly one of the least necessary); and we do not sufficiently consider him as the man who had the heads of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern cut off, who was first aboard the pirate ship in a sea fight, and came back alone to beard King Claudius at Elsinore. We have accepted Goethe's sentimental figure of the oak tree in a china bowl and come to regard our hero too exclusively as a sensitive and shrinking creature, a recluse and princely incarnation of the Shelleyan ode to Dejection. Mr. Irving did well to restore the facts, thereby ennobling and emphasising the tragedy. Here is by no means the wavering and merely speculative man of sentiment, the nerveless brooder, the dreamer sunken in books, the coward in enterprise, so deliciously dear to a generation which sorrowed with Werther and went upon unnecessary pilgrimages with Childe Harold. Here, on the contrary, is the most popular and observed figure in all Denmark, celebrated by young Fortinbras as a promising soldier, excelling in all manly exercises, an amateur actor of some merit and sufficiently in love with a very ordinary young woman to write extremely bad verses in her honour—something, in fact, more nearly resembling our notion of a half-blue at Balliol and a President of the O.U.D.S. than an anæmic young philosopher whose main business is to desire that his too too solid flesh would melt. Mr. Irving's acting version at the Savoy at least enabled us to recover a piece of this other Hamlet. We saw him talking intelligent politics with a captain in the army of Fortinbras, we heard him telling his mother and Horatio of the King's plots and his own fixed intention to be even with them, we saw him always fearless, often resourceful, with much natural pleasure in life and with the general habit of one who has always mixed with men and women of the world upon understanding terms. In a word, we obtained a full view of much that is essential, but too often neglected in our thoughts of Hamlet and his tragedy.

However we may quarrel with Mr. Irving's Hamlet in detail, no one could avoid being interested throughout or fail occasionally unstintedly to admire. We may think that Mr. Irving acts too much, that at times he is more mad than he should be, that at others he too deliberately feigns an antic disposition, that often he has too little faith in his author's entirely adequate

resources for expressing all that he intends to express; we may object to having Shakespeare's verses overlaid with incidental music; we may wonder why Hamlet should die upon barely inaudible references to his father (after Shakespeare has said that the rest is silence), and why Mr. Irving should needlessly prolong the famous line: "Oh, my prophetic soul, my uncle!" But we could not at any time fail to be aware that an acute mind and a highly cultivated player's art were being brought to bear upon the matter in hand, or to admit that there were some things Mr. Irving did better than any Hamlet we have seen. His simple, straightforward delivery of "How all occasions do inform against me" was quite perfect, a model for all Hamlets to come (and for Mr. Irving himself in less reposeful moments) of how exactly Shakespeare's speeches should be delivered if they are to have their maximum effect.

The production itself was a compromise. Mr. Irving, in collaboration with Mr. Basil Sydney (who has contrived to dress and decorate "Hamlet" very tastefully in the intervals of playing Congreve and Ibsen), has lightened, but he has not abolished, the scenery and furniture whereby we have for so many generations agreed to encumber the progress of Shakespeare's necessarily rapid action. But there are healthy signs of a careless rebellion, not merely against the archaeologists, but against all creeping and prone pre-occupations with the literal. Hamlet first addresses his father's spirit as a hypothetical figure hovering in the middle air of the auditorium—an act of emancipation which may at least be joyfully accepted as a sign of grace. Hamlet's shadow in this same scene was thrown in solid black upon the impalpable atmosphere—an indirect blow at the realistic mounting of Shakespeare's plays which may usefully serve to remind all unbelievers that when we look into the poet's mirror we are entitled to see things there in comparison with which a mere fidelity to scientifically observed phenomena is proportionately of very little account or interest.

The Savoy company gave an excellent account of Hamlet's friends and relatives. Notably Miss Ellen O'Malley, in the part of Gertrude, is a queen and a mother, and wholly a human creature. She is, indeed, Shakespeare's Gertrude—one of his most carelessly fine, his most casually penetrating, portraits of a woman: incredible till we have realised how true she is; contemptible till we have seen her in the light of Hamlet's awakened tenderness and the amazing, wholly unconscious charity of her creator. Miss O'Malley throws herself into the part instinctively and without misgiving, allowing each conflicting trait and motive to speak for itself—her infatuation for the King (not passionate, but acquiescent merely), her love for Hamlet, her readily awakened and as readily blunted sensibility, her easily offended vanity, as queen or mother, her pathetic aptness to adopt the mood or counsels of her immediate company. This is a haunting performance which could not fail to give to many playgoers a wholly new idea of the part. Mr. Brydone's Claudius was not upon so high a level, but it is an improvement upon the grotesque ogre of many popular revivals. He does not entirely accept Hamlet's excited estimate of his character and appearance. This equally applies to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. The Savoy company have usefully broken with two obstinate traditions in regard to the production of "Hamlet"—first, that the part of Hamlet must necessarily be filled by the only person in the company who can act; and, second, that all the other people in the play shall appear not as themselves, but as Hamlet thinks them. Mr. Holman Clark is the one exception to this desirable innovation, for he is required to be exactly "the foolish prating knave" described by Hamlet. Here Mr. Irving has lost sight of those facts which in other respects he has so carefully retrieved. Polonius was virtually Prime Minister to the King, one on whom Claudius had chiefly to rely in making good his uncertain claim to the succes-

sion. The death of Polonius caused a popular insurrection, and his son was quite genuinely upset. Here, obviously, is no merely senile person with notoriously weak hams. Hamlet, it is true, despised him; but Hamlet would equally have despised Lord Haldane or the Bishop of London. Mr. Irving curiously justifies his omission of the advice of Polonius to his son on the ground that it is inconsistent with Hamlet's contempt for him, and inconsistent with his plentiful lack of wit elsewhere. Is there really any serious inconsistency between "neither a borrower nor a lender be" and the conduct of Polonius in general? He is throughout a man of ordinary sagacity and of some experience, with a disposition, it is true, to talk of matters (such as poetry, acting, and the like) of which he has no real understanding, and a tendency to regard unusual conduct as the sign of an unbalanced mind. But these characteristics are not uncommon even in the notoriously wise men of to-day.

THE BASKISH VERB.

"**V**ERBI veritas suprema lex" is the constitution of the Baskish language, and my work on the subject, published at the Oxford University Press in 1915, and praised in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 18 December 1915, was but an attempt "*veritates fortiter dicere*", and to drive away the asphyxiating gas with which foes of that language have tried to blind the public. I trust, therefore, that you will let me reply to some errors published by Mr. W. J. Edmonston-Scott on pages 44-47 of the "Celtic Monthly" for March 1917, of which I received a copy from him on 18 April in return for two copies of my Keys. He had published in the "Literary World" for 1 February 1917 some self-contradictory opinions of the book, and in the "Modern Language Review" for 1913, in noticing another part of it of which he said I might feel proud, astonished the world by supposing the Basks to descend from negroes! And now my Keys seem to him "fanciful", and elicit other disparaging terms, although he wrote to me on a postcard of 3 July 1916 that he should "not wound my susceptible, soft, and tender-hearted nature by remotely suggesting that Julien Vinson and I are much on a par in rendering Basque unattractive"! Everyone knows that I have tried to combat Mr. Vinson's mistakes. *Fortis est veritas*; and no language can be attractive to those who study it wrongly. I called my critic's attention to my two lists of corrigenda, published as supplements to the book; and now he accuses it of "imperfections" and "deficiencies", without even mentioning those lists or pointing out anything which they fail to mend, and ends with the boast that it is "for the good of the reader's health, and knowledge, and the truth"! From his postcards and criticisms I had seen that his knowledge of Heuskara is elementary and confused. He ought to pay at least a first visit to Baskland before he writes more upon the subject, and that before its dialects become weaker, more abandoned, and corrupt. He needs help from the notes of the pedagogue of some Baskish village. He has, luckily, a good word for my edition of Leicarragas New Testament, and readers will take that as the proper criticism of my Keys rather than the dreaming of an inexperienced Highlander. "*Egia latz eta labur*." Let us examine a few of his attempts to connect Gaelic with Baskish. It is likely that there is more Keltic in Baskish than Mr. Edward Churton supposed in 1861.

"Zemendi" = "November" is not Keltic, but a Vasconised form of Latin "*sementi*" = "seed-time". This is clear from the phonetic tendencies of the Basks; from their other dialects in which it is called "*hazilla*" = "the seed-month", "*hazaroa*", "the seed-season"; and from the fact that the names of March, April, May, August, and December, at least in some of them, come from Latin.

"Gillie" is not Baskish. He imagines it to be

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HAVING provided himself with a God rather late in life, after having vehemently denied the existence of one, Mr. Wells has all the burning zeal of the newly converted to proselytise. With an assumption of modesty he is at pains to disown any credit for his discovery of a new God and new religion. His book, he tells us, is a "compact statement of the renaissance religion" which he believes to be crystallising out of the intellectual, social, and spiritual confusions of this time. "It is an account rendered. It is a statement and record; not a theory. There is nothing in all this that has been invented or constructed by the writer; I have been but scribe to the spirit of my generation." In other words, Mr. Wells is not arguing with us; he is telling us. But it is useless for him to attempt to shift the praise or blame for his "discovery of truth" on to the spirit of his age. Its presentation is too characteristically his own. Although Mr. Wells, with his genius for receptivity, may have picked up a few unconsidered trifles of thought from other minds, he must be content to be regarded as, to all intents and purposes, the creator of this new religion. To clear the ground for a statement of his belief he finds it necessary to state first his disbelief. In fact, it may be said that the greater part of his book is devoted to this purpose, since, on his own statement, what he does believe might be written on the back of a postcard. But in this work of destruction Mr. Wells enjoys himself immensely. With much iconoclastic fury he denounces Christianity and all its doctrines, revelling especially in those bitter asperities which have been the unfortunate accompaniment of religious controversy in all ages, but with an added modern vulgarity that is all his own. Thus the God of the Old Testament is a "bickering monopolist", a "bogey", and "a fetish", and the God of the Nicene Creed is "a stuffed scarecrow of divinity", an "incoherent accumulation of antique theological notions".

He makes fun of the Trinity, which he describes as "that fantastic, unqualified *danse à trois*, and writes of "the cold, superb humour" of the "burlesque creed" ascribed, "no doubt facetiously", to Athanasius, "a little red-haired, busy, wire-pulling man". Nor is he content to air his dislike of sacramentalism without reference to "the obscene rite" and "symbolical cannibalism" of the Holy Communion. All this and more after first blandly assuring the reader in a smug preface that there is nothing in his statements "to shock or offend anyone", and that he himself is "sympathetic with all sincere religious feeling". It would hardly occur to Mr. Wells that there are people who, after such an exhibition, might feel disposed to doubt whether he is a safer guide in matters of religion than he shows himself in matters of taste. He would hardly be concerned, in any case, by such a qualm, for, cocky in his self-confidence, he dubs in advance as "stupid people" all those who are unable to follow his flights and to distinguish with him between what is "practically and what is spiritually good".

Mr. Wells's idea of God is essentially pragmatic. He has come to see that man must have a God, and as it is difficult or impossible to reconcile the pain of the world with the idea of a divinity all-powerful and all-good, that idea must be thrown overboard. Mr. Wells's God is neither all-wise nor all-powerful nor omnipresent. He is a finite being. He is Courage. He is a Person, and he is Youth. He is neither the maker of heaven nor earth. In spite of his derision of the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, Mr. Wells is impelled to construct a new Trinity of his own. The first person is the "Veiled Being", "enigmatical and incomprehensible", which broods over the mirror upon which the busy shapes of life are moving. Our lives do not deal with it, and cannot deal with it.

Then, "proceeding out of it in a manner altogether inconceivable" is the second person of Mr. Wells's Trinity, "the maker of our world, Life, the Will to be", sometimes called "Mother Nature". Mr. Wells hazards the guess whether this may not have been the Demiurge of the Gnostics. The "Veiled Being" and Dame Nature are neither good nor evil, and the third person is the only God who matters to or takes any interest in man. He is essentially a fighter who has taken man into his immortal adventure against evil and against death. We do not think that we shall be doing Mr. Wells an injustice when we state that, deprived of the rhetorical rhapsodies in which he envelops him, his God is a kind of glorified Schoolmaster and County Councillor. The men who are doing God's work here on earth and hastening the establishment of His kingdom are those who are "doing or sustaining scientific research or education or creative art; are making roads—are doctors working for the world's health—are building homes—are constructing machinery to save and increase the powers of men".

Mr. Wells's idea is in part a revival of the old Manichaean heresy, with additions of his own. It solves none of the intellectual difficulties which admittedly surround all religions. It merely shelves them. The idea of man in his isolation with a finite God who has had no part in creation merely introduces a new discord that satisfies neither the intellect nor the heart. It is neither philosophically nor scientifically sound.

But Mr. Wells is 'cute enough to see that the new religion, to be popular, must have its emotional side, and so, although he hates the idea of a Church, "because religion cannot be organised", he will graciously allow its followers to "shout and share" in company with their friends if they will.

"You may rattle and bang tambourines in honour of this deity, and very likely the tambourine, that modern revival of the thrilling Alexandrine sistrum, may still stir dull nerves to a first apprehension of powers and a call beyond the immediate natural compulsion of life when the creeds of Christianity are as dead as the lore of the Druids."

There may be some who will find in this statement of belief a satisfactory solution of their aspirations. We find in it neither inspiration nor illumination. It has neither vision nor consolation. The peasant kneeling before the altar of his village church has discovered a secret of which Mr. Wells has not yet a glimpse. But the book is only a fugitive affair, a thing of the moment, and those who are pleased with the author's ideas of God and religion may find themselves later without their chief prophet. By that time Mr. Wells may have evolved something better, or even something cruder.

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The second part of the book, "The Adventures of Cressida", leaves the waterways for City offices and the world of fashion and shops. It shows a pretty girl achieving the most daring crimes in order to avenge her father, a man ruined by unholy financiers. We sympathise with Cressida's performances, but they are really incredible. The dice of fortune are too heavily loaded in her favour, and the hint of a wedding at the end is conventional. The tragedy of finding her father dead after all her efforts is a sufficiently striking end. Yet romance of this sort has to end brightly, and must, it might be urged, do so in these days of world-wide desolation and sorrow.

Miss Delafield is a believer in heredity, and in her careful study of Zella, a child of mixed parentage, she has cleverly interwoven the qualities transmuted to her by a French father and an English mother. Zella's mother dies when she has reached the age of fourteen, and her rather easy-going father would seem inclined to leave the child to develop her own identity but for the interference of Aunt Marianne and "Grandmère". Grandmère one would suppose to be the more wholesome guide of the two, but she contents herself with having the child sent to a certain convent school by no means calculated to broaden her outlook, and here her habit of introspection becomes intensified.

Zella is not an unfamiliar type; she is hypersensitive and over-anxious to please, and has sufficient histrionic talent to enable her to enjoy a pose rather than the realities of life. Still, she is possessed of a certain amount of "truth in the inward parts", and it is the part of her honest cousin James to discover it to her. He shows her things as they are, and averts what might have been a calamity. Miss Delafield has drawn her heroine with sympathetic understanding and made an interesting picture of her, leaving her still on the threshold of life and able to see herself and her surroundings for the first time in true perspective.

Miss Macnamara has chosen an unusual heroine in her red-haired, green-eyed Toye—a will-o'-the-wisp with a sharp tongue and a baffling personality, but undoubted fascination. She is far cleverer in her characterisation of women than of men, and Toye would have had a fairer chance had the author been capable of creating a man strong enough to be her equal mate. We have small sympathy for the gay philanderer who is caught by her love and has not the manhood to restrain her perversity, and respect does not grow for him when, tiring of her heartless egoism, he comes whining to the "other woman" for consolation. Uncle Phelimy is humorous, and delightfully sketched in, but he is too shadowy to be real, as are most of the male characters of the book. Toye alone is vital, and absorbs the reader's interest. Those who have already made her acquaintance in "The Awakening" will be eager to follow her further escapades. Her talent for sowing discord brings much unhappiness in its wake, and two at least of her victims find relief in the work and sacrifice which the outbreak

of war demands. What effect the changed atmosphere has upon Toye is left to conjecture. Perhaps Miss Macnamara means to enlighten us at some future date.

The opening chapters are by far the happiest part of "The Bird of Life", and one can thoroughly enjoy the picture of the humorous and imaginative little child, Rachel Carwardine, in her quaint and narrow setting of the old Nonconformist manse. The broader outlook of Christianity is the theme of her book, and Rachel is the exponent of these views. We follow her with interest through schooldays and office life and the more exciting times of effort to become a journalist. The book is written with conviction and a great deal of feeling, but one cannot quite believe that a person of Rachel's high-minded sincerity could have made the mistake of marrying the Rev. Edward Venning, most conventional of orthodox English priests, and that, having made the mistake, she should elect to leave him without a word of warning after two years of rather drab married life. In the "open letter" which she writes to relieve an outburst of feeling—and presumably to enlighten the reader—she confesses to having feigned suicide with the knowledge that she was thus defrauding Venning of his rights as a father as well as a husband.

Having written the letter, and being a person of artistic temperament, Rachel, with every intention of folding it away in lavender, promptly forgets all about it and loses it among the bluebells. Through some kind and goodly intention the letter is posted by a wayfarer, and so falls into the hands of the man to whom it was written but by whom it was never to be seen. Venning is forgiving, and a reconciliation follows. One sees no reason to expect that Rachel would really have been happier mated to "Boreas", the friend of her seven years in hiding. Boreas had a blind and whole-hearted admiration for her which might in time have acted as less of a spur to development than Venning's rooted conviction that his way—the way of his fathers before him—was the only path of life. As in many books of the present day, war comes as a solution to domestic entanglement; but "The Bird of Life" goes further than usual, closing on a note of peace after the war.

One's first impressions of "The Wane of Uxenden" are rather like the sensations that assail one on entering an overcrowded picture gallery. Hermione's love story holds sufficient plot for a novel in itself; but, unfortunately, it is the least well conceived part of the book, and the only one that does not carry conviction. Life at Uxenden is delightfully depicted in its relations between the good old county family and the dependants of the estate. The squire, Eldred Uxenden, and his wife; their taciturn son Edward, seeing nothing but ruin ahead of him and incapable of averting it; the elderly spinster sister, and Gertrude with her leaping dogs—all these are real and lovable people, and the passing of the last remnants of the feudal system with the failing family fortunes raises our sympathies, while it paves the way for the incoming of wealth, new blood, and modern innovations to the neighbourhood. Next we have the unsavory picture of a poor girl caught in the net of charlatan Spiritualists, a popular, fashionable preacher, and a countless weighed down by the enormity of her bridge debts.

Through all the varying scenes Hermione passes, holding easy sway, and in the final chapters the threads are gathered together with a firm hand, showing how every incident and every person in the book has had a bearing in the making of the heroine.

Mr. Temple Thurston was in happy vein when he wrote his latest novel. There are times when his pen fairly dances across the page, filling the senses with the spirit of youth and spring and joyousness, and swaying the mood of the reader to match his own. We watch the glistening drip on the pink tip of the country physician's nose with as breathless an expectancy as the boy who rode "like a live shtrick" on the grey mare down the lonely lane to fetch him

on that fateful night when the fairy princess of the tale made her first appearance into the world; and we await with equal uncertainty the finding of Father Casey when called upon to give judgment between John Desmond and his Maker. With ready wit the two men spar with one another till the reverend father is in possession of a complete understanding of the question, and gives the decision that John Desmond shall renounce the flowing punch bowl for the good of his soul, in order that the princess may be freed from the rash oath which he made at her birth. Whether the pledge was kept, how the spell was finally broken, and how John Desmond came into his kingdom it would be unfair to tell. We would not spoil the pleasant hour awaiting the reader when he loses himself in "Enchantment".

INDIAN MORALITIES.

"Sacred Tales of India." By D. N. Neogi. Macmillan. 2s. net.

"Jataka Tales." By H. T. Francis and E. J. Thomas. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

"The Way to Nirvana." By L. de la Vallée Poussin (Professeur à l'Université de Gand). Cambridge University Press. 4s. 6d. net.

"Hindu Mind Training." By An Anglo-Saxon Mother. Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.

(REVIEWED BY BISHOP FRODSHAM.)

A WHOLESOME desire for more accurate knowledge with regard to India is another of the many consequences of this war. If the whole truth must be told, the average Englishman has known very little accurately of the subject of the Indian system of morals, except what he may have gathered from "The Light of Asia", or, in worse case, from the lubrications of a host of so-called theosophists. Sir Edwin Arnold notoriously breathed into the Hindu religious stories a spirit alien to Indian thought, while, like a famous Irish barrister, theosophists seem to speak most persuasively when they are least fettered by facts. Perhaps Sir Rabindranath Tagore has done more than any living man to bring into this country a more accurate conception of Indian mentality with regard to the philosophic hypotheses upon which the Indians have erected for themselves a moral superstructure very different, it must be allowed, from that conceived in the minds of a large majority of Western peoples.

Mr. Neogi has placed at our disposal some of the curious traditions which he tells us have been preserved from remote antiquity in the zenanas of Bengal, and which have been associated with religious ceremonies connected with women. It is regrettable that Mr. Neogi has compressed his description of the ritual so far as to make it almost meaningless to Western minds. He has, however, told the tales in full. There is nothing in them essentially new to the student, nor was this to be expected. They illustrate, however, the firm hold religion has upon the women of India, and consequently the influence of religion upon their own moral sanctions and the education of their children. Behind the purdah in the East there are varieties of intelligence and earnestness, as is the case in the West, where no striped cotton curtains separate the women from strangers. Perhaps it is unfair anywhere in this world to say that the feminine mind with regard to religion or moral duty is devout or otherwise. To combat the vulgar idea that zenanas are all forcing-houses of frivolity has been the primary purpose of Mr. Neogi, and he has succeeded in his task. "There is not a week in the year that does not bring with it some holy festival. The orthodox Hindu's life is indeed one round of ceremonies, observances, fasts and festivals; and this is emphatically true of Hindu women. Married life and widowhood abound in such duties, and they form the tendrils that hold together the ancient faith inculcated by Paurānic Hinduism". The analogies between the legends of the zenanas and the "traditions and ceremonies" of other "women-

folk" exist without doubt, but Mr. Neogi has shown the foolishness of many popular generalisations. At the same time it should not be forgotten by Englishmen who are endeavouring to gain a conspectus of the whole Indian situation, which is more closely co-ordinated in practice than might be imagined, that Hindu ideas of morality are, to say the least, "somewhat confused by ritual prejudices" and that "the intricate fabric of rites of purification and sacrifice falls to the ground" in Buddhism. The sentences quoted are taken from M. de la Vallée Poussin.

Messrs. Francis and Thomas have rendered their countrymen good service by editing the "Jātaka" or Buddhist rebirth stories, and it is not a little interesting to notice that they have applied to the Buddhist scriptures the methods of historical criticism so familiar to the students of the Bible. The question of authenticity has been considered. Once it was assumed quite generally that the stories of the multitudinous reincarnations of Gautama were Buddhistic in origin. Now it is quite plain that the bulk are pre-Buddhistic and have their versions in lands far separated from India. The methods adopted for their transference from Hinduism to Buddhism appear to have been a very simple matter. It was not necessary even to make the actors Buddhists. "The one feature necessary for the story is that the Bodhisatta in some character should appear. When the tale itself contained no instance of a wise person who could play the part of the Bodhisatta, modification was necessary; though this is often done by making the Bodhisatta a divinity or a sage who witnesses the events and recited the gāthās, the verses with which the tale concludes".

As a matter of fact, Buddhism took over the Hindu doctrine of rebirth and karma, but moralised it. Rebirth becomes dependent upon something else than sacrifices and self-torture. The "Jātaka" tales emphasise the necessity for good actions based upon the moral principles inculcated by Prince Gautama. Technically the "Jātaka" do not contain the essence of Buddhism, which is that the disciple must not seek to accumulate merit, but to win insight. They are intended for the moral instruction of the unconverted and as stepping-stones towards freedom from all the trammels of thought and action, which is the true goal of the Noble Path. The conception common in England of reincarnation being desirable in itself is foreign to Indian minds. To put it briefly, the Buddhist believes in transmigration, and transmigration he dreads. His moral philosophy is combined with moral discipline in order that he may escape from discipline. The morals of the "Jātaka" are far removed from the Ultima Thule of Buddhism, but Messrs. Francis and Thomas have done well in rendering it possible for their countrymen to read this part of the Buddhist scriptures for themselves. From one point of view their work is of an encyclopædic character, from another it is thoroughly human composition. They have retold stories of the world's childhood in such vigorous prose that the children upon whom the ends of the world are come will read with avidity what they have written. Adults, who for their sins have sat at the feet of German professors of comparative philosophies, can picture how two Berlin pundits would have edited the "Jātaka" tales. They will be proud that two Cambridge men have written with such lucidity and yet with such deep scholarship. Why should the English have been so long bemused by German methods as to mistake turgidity for depth?

The French, unlike the Germans, are noted for lucidity of thought, and M. de la Vallée Poussin, albeit a Belgian professor, has this merit to which his very name institutes a claim. He writes particularly about the Noble Path of Buddhism regarded as a system of morality—a system which has no adequate non-Indian parallel, except, it may be, among the Sufis, and in respect of which Western nomenclature is defective. The attitude of the Indian ascetic is not the attitude of the Western moralist. No Indian would allow that

an immoral man could reach the Noble Path, but, on the other hand, Indian moralists are fond of stating that a saint is beyond merit and demerit, good deed and sin. No merit can accrue to him; no sin can soil him. A saint is by definition a "giver"; a "compassionate"; but his gifts are to be perfumed with the knowledge of the transcendent truth that in reality there is no gift, no giver and no receiver.

The question of introducing Indian methods of mind-training into the West has a twofold bearing. Regarded educationally, it may be doubted whether the Hindu plan has any salient merits which cannot be found in the best methods of Western education. An Anglo-Saxon Mother thinks otherwise, but the drawing out of knowledge has been the ideal of all true educationists everywhere. On the other hand, there are grave dangers in the way of suggestion and auto-hypnotism both in Buddhist and Hindu mind training, although it is only fair to say that such dangers exist in some degree in systems of education which do not lay so much stress upon the subconscious effects of constant reiteration. Mr. Mithra, who writes an introduction, hopes that this book may help "to till an acre or so of the many thousand acres of the pre-conscious area of the human mind". This mixed metaphor is not too convincing. What is the pre-conscious area of the human mind? And is there more untilled mentality, conscious or preconscious (whatever that may be), in England than in India? Or is the Indian plough better suited for English mental agriculture than the indigenous implement? This last is a question not merely affecting external methods of mind training, but the materials used for developing moral reflections. A careful perusal of the Hindu stories impressed upon the young in the course of an Anglo-Saxon Mother's many trials will produce in most minds trained in philosophic thought a profound conviction that neither Hindu philosophy nor Hindu morality is suitable for inculcation in this country. The logical deductions are too divergent from our whole social and moral system. Mr. Mithra himself is a strong witness against their applicability. Writing of the married relationships between the sexes, Mr. Mithra continues: "Some Western women will naturally say that when they speak of 'my husband' they mean 'a man whose wife I am exclusively, or to the exclusion of other women'. That is the Christian woman's view when she *refuses* (sic) to recognise the fact that she has taken her husband's surname and otherwise merged herself into the dominant note of her husband's civil life. But the non-Christian woman's view would be somewhat different. 'My husband' would probably mean to her, 'I belong to him; others may belong to him as well'. So when words come to be used by people belonging to different races and social systems the gulf between their meanings grows wider still". Comment is superfluous. None the less this book, if it cannot be regarded as an educational gospel, will do something to provoke interest in Indian moralities.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

"French Perspectives." By E. S. Sergeant. Constable. 5s. net.

"A Journal of Small Things." By Helen Mackay. Melrose. 5s. net.

"French Windows." By John Ayscough. Arnold. 5s. net.

THE idea of the French as a brilliant, pleasure-loving, and rather shallow people had been shattered even before the war, but there are still people who, deceived by their surface gaiety, have been amazed at the thoroughness of their methods of warfare. It is not always easy for French and English, with their basic and essential differences of character and temperament, at once to understand one another, but this war has, we imagine, very largely broken down past prejudices and misunderstandings. The entente conceived in politics has become a real union of heart and soul.

These three books, written from different angles, give us the essential France. Miss Sergeant sounds the true note when she writes: "I cannot see France as reborn by a sort of miraculous conversion from the ruins of the Variétés and the Latin Quarter. I see her rather as living through these bitter years on the strength of her ancient everyday virtues. Most of all, by force of what has been called her 'professional conscience', that love of work for work's sake, that passion for technical perfection, that scrupulous patience in carrying things through which, whether it takes the form of good housekeeping, tilling a field, writing a verse, making an artificial flower, or firing a big gun, is, I long ago came to believe, the deepest source of the French national energy."

That is very well put, and Miss Sergeant's pleasant pictures of France before the war, with its studies of many diverse types of French men and women, enable us to realise those "ancient and everyday virtues" which are the true strength of the country. They are real people about whom she writes, though only in the case of public personages called by their real names. War, while it has changed their occupations, has not altered their characters. Even the "Unanimiste" poets are meeting the "group soul" of the nation at the front, and poets, painters, professors, and writers are now turned shoemakers, gunners, and stretcher-bearers.

Mrs. Mackay, in "A Journal of Small Things", writes of France just before the war when the coming terror was only a presage of something about to happen, but imminent enough to tinge everything with sadness to the discerning eye. And she writes with exquisite sympathy and sensibility of the woman's side of war, of what she saw during the opening stages in Paris and provincial towns. It is the little things—the so-called little things—that hold her and that she describes in all their pathos and poignancy. "The greatest days of all the world—and how terribly worried we are that Louis has gone off without his little package of twenty-four hours' provision—the bread and chocolate and little flask. It was ready for him on the table in the hall, and everyone forgot it; and he was gone, and there it was, a ridiculous thing to sob over." Mrs. Mackay's descriptions of her experiences in French hospitals are hauntingly beautiful. There is no false or shoddy sentiment about them. Beneath all the sadness is the realisation of spiritual beauty delicately suggested. "Death, however come to, is so high a thing," she writes, and through a mist of tears she can see that no man dies in vain.

John Ayscough's vignettes are in a different vein. They consist of conversations with various French and British soldiers, and some of them are of so intimate a character that it almost seems indecent to have recorded them. Humour and pathos jostle one another in these fugitive pages. John Ayscough seems to realise that if things are tragic enough they are funny. Insight and understanding are in this book, and, in spite of a tendency to occasional gush and rhapsody, it has a value of its own. It reveals the simple greatness of the English soldier.

"Utinam: a Glimmering of Goddesses." By William Arkwright. Lane. 5s. net.

This is the narrative of a discontented cypress, which becomes by transformation a peacock, then a woman, then an owl, then a suffragette, and finally a tree again. It is not an allegory, because no amount of ingenuity could supply an interpretation of it. The author at the start quotes, "Patience": "Well, it seems to me to be nonsense." "Nonsense; yes, perhaps—but oh! what precious nonsense." Now, such nonsense as Lear's is precious, if you will, but Mr. Arkwright's is very cheap indeed. The transmigrations of the tree's being are too preposterous to convey illusion, while the goddesses of Hellas are only brought in to be vulgarised. The one discernible purpose of the book is to be satiric, and this does not seem the moment to pillory church-wrecking suffragettes. A heavy-handed attack is made upon religion, whose crudity is only equalled by its venom.

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WRITE FOR SPRING LIST AND CATALOGUE.

Heuskarian "egile" without its initial. That universal word means "doer, maker, factor, faiseur, fauteur", and not, as he says, "boy". Its sense is general, and used of persons of all ages, even of "femelles". It is related to "egin" = "do, make", just as "operator" is to "opera" in Latin. The termination "le" itself also means "doer, practiser, habituated to". Thus "errai-le" (St. Luke xxiv. ro) is "diseur"; "teller"; "ephai-le" is "faucheur", "reaper", "mower". So "egile" means "do-doer", "done-doer"! The words ending in "gille" which he quotes are compounds, the second half being "egile", of which the first "e" is eclipsed for euphony. Does Mr. E.-S. think that "gaitz-egile" = "malfaiteur", "ungi-egile" = "bienfaiteur" are used of boys only? I pointed out long ago a possible identity of Baskish "egin" with a Keltic root meaning "to use force, to strive, to make an effort", without which nothing is "done" or "made". In Manx it is "eign" or "eignee", as Cregeen spells it. But did Gaelic "gillie" come from that?

"Andi" is not "an old Basque root" meaning "immature". It has but two meanings: (1) "big, great, large", in which sense it may be from Latin "grandi", and in some dialects is pronounced "handi"; (2) "thence", Latin "inde", in which sense it is the separative-locative of "ha" = "illud", the demonstrative pronoun and definite article "that, the", as on p. 204 of the interesting book about the Danses of the Spanish Basks, by Frai Bartolomé, the Carmelite of Markina, of which I hope to publish an English translation—namely, "ta andi lasterreen urteten dabeenac", which means "... and those who most quickly come out from there".

In neither sense is it related to "andere" = "lady, woman". Novia limits the sense of this to "damisela" = "damosel"; but it is used also of married women. The possible identity of this general term, common to all the dialects, with Gaelic "ainder, ainir, ander", as we find them in the works of Mr. G. Calder, Mr. T. O'Maille, Mr. J. G. O'Keefe, occurred to me long ago, as also its likeness to Sanskrit "antar", Latin "inter, interior". For women in Spain, especially in those parts of it where the Moors left the deepest mark, are more home-staying than their brothers, husbands, and sons, and in ancient times were probably more so.

"Berdela", in the dictionary of J. F. Aizkibel, means a fish which is called in Castilian "salpa", rendered "gold-line, gilt-head, gilt-bream", and in Latin "sparus salpa", but not "mackerel", as Mr. E.-S. fancies. To the eye it suggests "berde", which the Basks made out of Latin "viride", having lost their own word for green as a colour. Mr. E.-S. must spare us until he has spent a few months a-fishing off the green coast between the Adour and the Nervion! The probable identity of Latin "esox", Greek "ἰσῶξ", and Baskish "izokin, izoki" = "salmon" was long ago noted.

Mr. E.-S. has borrowed from the late Mr. Van Eys, who was often wrong, his notion that there was a "root-form edin". But not even this graduate of Edinburgh has dug it up; and the late Canon Harriet, a born Bask gentleman of Halsou, whose Word-book ought to have been published thirty years ago, told me he did not believe in it. "Adi, nendin, zitezen" are known only as expressing the sense of "izan" = "be, been"; not etymologically connected, of course, but conventionally adopted into its paradigm. We may liken their position to that of "fui" for "esse", "tuli" for "ferre", in Latin; or "am" and "was" for "be", in English.

"Goazen" is still in use in all the dialects in the sense of "Let us go! Go we!"

My use of both "Guipuscoa" and "Gipuscoa" is no aberration. Mr. E.-S. does not tell his victims that the first spelling occurs in a bit of French, and is therefore right there, as it is also in Castilian, the Latin equivalent being "Ipuscoa"; while the other is meant for those who can read an English sentence,

and pronounce "gi" as in "gilt" or "gimlet". Baskish "G" has the pure, hard, inaspirate Latin sound. Basks began to subjoin "U" to it before "E" and "I", in order to prevent its being pronounced like Castilian "G" on the western, and like French "G" on the eastern border of Heuskalherria, or Baskland. It was a protective measure against the "kutsu" or corruption, caused by the invading official "Erdara" or "Romance" of their numerically superior rivals. My references to the useful, but incomplete and slightly incorrect, "Guide ou Manuel", par J. P. Darthayeta, published in Bayonne, a work which, when he sought my advice, I recommended to Mr. E.-S., rendered superfluous the largening of my Keys by inserting, as he says I should have done, the modern form of some parts of the Leizarragan verb which have passed out of use. To say of any given book that it is not another book is not to criticise it, but to waste the patience of a reader. "Goreu cymwynas dangos bai": "The highest kindness is to point out a mistake". About Baskish Philology Mr. E.-S. has very much to learn.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

The Oxford Union Society, 1 May 1917.

THE FAITHFUL COMRADE.

WHERE stark and shattered walls
Mourn desolate to the sky
He buildeth me a home,
And well doth fortify.

The sweeping scythes play near
And shrill about my head:
I look into His eyes
That smile away my dread.

And when with faltering feet
I thread the perilous trench,
His print the clay before
And shame me if I blench.

If nerve and spirit yield
Before the grim demands,
New power is in the touch
Of His transfigured hands.

The thousand barbarous tongues
Of war may round me brawl;
His love within my heart
Sings louder than them all.

O edgeless armament!
O empty jeopardy!
While He, my Comrade, walks
The stricken fields with me.

B.E.F.

P. J. FISHER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN INSULT TO ITALY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Once again you have rendered invaluable service to the Allied cause by exposing the anti-Italian machinations of a small coterie of writers in foreign politics; that same coterie, be it said, which was shown up in your columns some months ago as pulling the wires of the now torpid "Serbian Society of Great Britain". The activities of these earnest propagandists is the more dangerous in that not only are they among the best informed persons in the country on certain phases of contemporary European history, but they occupy positions which enable them to mould lay opinion in matters concerning which the mass of the public must necessarily be ignorant.

"The New Europe" has justly earned for itself a unique niche in the journalistic world. The variety and apparent authenticity of its information make it

an almost indispensable work of reference for any writer on foreign affairs. This being so, it is essential that those who accept it as their guide should be warned that it is nothing more nor less than an organ of propaganda for a few fluent publicists. Their aims (as the chief among them have themselves admitted in the columns of the SATURDAY REVIEW) are identical with those of the Yugoslav Committee, that strange political hydra, which speaks with one voice in London and with quite other voices in Geneva and Vienna.

The first article in the number of "The New Europe" devoted to insulting Italy refers to "the four (Balkan) Powers which will emerge from our victory: Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greater Greece, and Greater Roumania", and demands of Italy a loyal acceptance of "the inevitable expansion of Greece". Why, in Heaven's name, "inevitable"? What is this Greece that is to "inevitably expand"? The Greece of Constantine or the Greece of Venizelos? The Greece that overran with her hordes defenceless Southern Albania? The Greece that urged Turkey to suppress the printing presses and Bibles by means of which the Albanians, passionate for education, were teaching themselves to read? Or is it not rather a Utopian Greece, compact of a Periclean Athens and a Minoan Crete, existing only in the dreams of a few donnish archaeologists?

Sir Arthur Evans, baulked by the war of his normal activities, has been tempted into an unfamiliar sea of modern political intrigue and has got out of his depth. He accepts the picture of Dalmatia presented to him by Austria; accepts the Ballplatz statistics, which return a preposterously misleading 97 per cent. Slav population, as genuine and unmanipulated figures; accepts unquestionably such glib phrases as "dividing the Yugoslav" and "Yugoslav civilisation", as though, forsooth, there ever had been a united Yugoslav race or a civilisation common to Croats, Dalmatians, Montenegrins, Serbians, and the rest. Most amazing of all, he quotes a manifesto "signifying the resolve of Croats, Dalmatians, Bosnians, and Slovenes alike to break with the Habsburgs and attach themselves to the Kingdom of Serbia". This resolution purports to be "a joint manifesto of their accredited delegates". Whose accredited delegates? Certainly not Croatia's. It has, as a matter of fact, about as much right to represent Croatia as would have a manifesto by Mr. Ginnell to speak for all Ireland. In No. 142 of the "Bulletin du Bureau de la Presse Serbe", published at Geneva on 12 March, and doubtless accessible to the collaborators of "The New Europe", appears an account of the addresses to the new Austrian Emperor, voted by the Majority and Minority Parties, respectively, in the Croatian Diet. Lack of space prevents anything like full quotation, but I may perhaps be allowed to reproduce a few lines from each which prove that both parties are agreed at least in this aim—the unification of the Croatian peoples under the Austrian crown. The Majority address contained passages like the following:—

"The Diet of the Kingdom of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia renews to its King its age-long oath of fidelity. . . . It is necessary to realise the Croatian national ideal in the framework of the Monarchy. . . . The unification of the Croatian people will be in harmony with the interests of the Common State and the Monarchy. . . ."

The Minority Address, in claiming an equal status with the Germans and Hungarians, refers to the loyalty and devotion of the Croatian people in this war, based on their conviction that constitutional relations within the Monarchy would be changed.

"The Croats and Slovenes, who are one people by blood and language, numbering seven millions, in a compact unit . . . desire to be united under the sceptre of your Majesty . . . in an historic Croatian State, where they will be able themselves, without any external influence, save the constitutional influence of your Majesty, to decide on their destiny."

If these are the views of the Majority and the Minority in the Croatian Diet, whom on earth do Sir Arthur Evans's "delegates" represent? And, if they represent no one but a few exiled extremists, then how are you going to create an independent Yugoslav state out of a mixed population, whose representatives, at a turning point in their national history, have unanimously expressed their loyalty to the Habsburg crown?

Yours, etc.,

A LOVER OF ITALY.

ITALIAN CLAIMS ON DALMATIA.

(To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.)

Youlbury,

Berks, near Oxford,

15 May 1917.

SIR,—It seems to me that the time has come when those who have the true interests of Italy at heart will be rendering her a real service if they discourage her from aims of annexation in defiance of the wishes of the populations concerned, as would be the case in Dalmatia.

My own personal friendships are quite impartially divided between the two sides of the Adriatic, and so far from my article on the "New Europe" being couched in a form hostile to the Italians as a people, it has been quoted with approval by the "Secolo" and other Italian papers as a warning to some of their Chauvinists.

The facts are so clear to anyone who has spent years in Dalmatia, the Slav preponderance there is so overwhelming—amounting to some 97 per cent.—the intensity of the Slav nationalist feeling there is so strong, that I may be excused for tracing the source of the present agitation to a group of Italian extremists ignorant of the real situation and of émigrés of the typical class, who represent the opinions of an infinitesimal minority of the population. But I am quite willing to allow that to many Italian patriots of a higher stamp the glamour of the former Venetian dominion on the East Adriatic shores has proved too great a lure. The character of Venetian government in Dalmatia may quite accurately be compared with some aspects of the former British connection with Ireland. It was alien and entirely non-national; economically it aimed at the restriction of native production to the advantage of Venice, and of set political purpose it discouraged education. That it had its brighter sides and was useful as a protection against the Turks no fair critic would deny. But Venetian dominion in Dalmatia is dead and buried. It cannot be resuscitated tomorrow in a brand-new Nationalist Italian shape.

In citing the saner judgments of eminent Italian authorities, past and present, on this question I did not speak without the book. The moderate utterances of Signor Bissolati, for instance, give ground for confidence. As to General Cadorna, he has testified to his liberal intentions with regard to Slav Nationalism in his own sphere of action by reassuring proclamations dropped by his airmen in the border towns of Carniola. If he has so far humour'd the Nationalist sentiment of Italy as to include "Dalmatia" among its general claims, the fact is regrettable. He may himself, however, have had mainly in view the Dalmatian key island of Lissa, the possession of which seems to be necessary for Italy as a defensive security on that side.

Mazzini's warm sympathy with the cause of South Slav union on the eastern shores of the Adriatic stands on record. The political perspicacity of Cavour accepted the same idea. With regard to Tommaseo, his description of Dalmatia as a "Second Italy", cited by Mr. Edmund Gardner, requires a "Tommasean" gloss. No one surely was better qualified to speak of

* The epithet "Cromwellian" in my article, to which Mr. Edmund Gardner reasonably, I think, objects, was not in my MS., and must have crept in, sub-editorially, from some misapprehension of its wording.

the province than Tommaseo, who, though of Italian parentage, was born in Dalmatia and educated by Spiridon Popovich—gratefully called by him his "patient master"—at Sebenico. Serbian, which he describes as "one of the sweetest and richest languages of the world", was almost as much his mother-tongue as Italian. He was the friend of Gaj and of other patriarchs of the Yugoslav revival. His "Sparks", "Iskrice", "Scintille", prose poems written both in Serbian and Italian, bear constant witness to his recognition of the Slav nationality of Dalmatia and to his enthusiasm for what at that time (the 'forties) was spoken of as "Illyrian" union. "Cling to your nationality", he repeats. "Be Slavs ('Illyrici') and you will feel the Italian spirit the more strongly." He gives a true expression of his views in a passage in his Italian "Ode to Dalmatia", of which I venture to offer a translation:

"No more, between the mountains and the sea—
Scant fringe of earth and barren isles dispersed—
Shalt thou be, O my Country: but, reborn
Serbia, with warrior's hand and gentle heart.
And those broad fields by Nature born to share
Italian smiles, but now by the Turks' dead hand
Ensloughed, with thee shall form one life, one will,
And pour new vigour through thy wearied veins—
So thou in troth shalt hold out thy right hand—
To Italy, thy left to Greece, and both
Shalt lead enclasped to join the sacred dance".

This is the true "Second Italy" that Tommaseo had in mind. The "Great Serbia" here by him so prophetically imaged was to be a link between Italy and Greece.

As I pointed out in the article referred to, "the voluntary fealty of this Southern Slav civilisation on the Adriatic to that of Italy is an asset of real value". The forcible subjection of Dalmatia on the part of Italy would be "to kill the goose with the golden egg". My main object was to show that the Russian revolution and the coming in of the United States made it the more incumbent on Italian statesmen to fall in with the principle, unanimously upheld by her Allies, that any future settlement (minor questions of frontier rectification excepted) should be in conformity with the wishes of the populations concerned. Only so indeed can we hope to lay the foundations of a lasting peace. In the Adriatic question it is not one Ally alone whose claims we have to consider. We have also to recognise the justifiable aim of the Serbian race to achieve national union. I can only repeat that any attempt on the part of Italy to lay hold of Dalmatian or Croat territory en masse—more especially of any mainland tract—could only result in a new war in the near future.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR EVANS.

THE LAST "GOVERNMENT" AND THE FOOD QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chelsea,

May 1917.

SIR,—Mr. Asquith at the Eighty Club, on 3 May, defended himself and his ministry in that extremely able way, so peculiar to himself, from the charge of having neglected precautional steps as regards the food supply of the country in case of war. One can only judge by results, and those are that the question has now reached a most critical and perilous stage, which would not have been the case had the Government taken any practical or effective steps, or given ear to the frequent warnings of men like the late Sir Henry Seton Kerr, Professor Spenser Wilkinson, who clearly foretold the danger we might be in in case of war, though he did not, of course, foresee how that danger would be accentuated by the development of German submarines. Mr. Jesse Collings also forcibly

pointed out the risks we were running, owing to the neglect of agriculture and the ever-increasing disability of our islands to support themselves, which presaged a grave danger in war. In 1915 Lord Milner's Committee reported on the necessity of increased cereal production, as also did Lord Selborne's Committee and the Irish Committee. Not the smallest notice, apparently, was taken by Mr. Asquith's Government of any of these warnings or recommendations, and it was not till his ministry was a thing of the past and till Mr. Lloyd George became Premier that any steps whatever were taken to secure the food supply of our people or to meet the dangers that menaced us. Even after the outbreak of war, when the power of the submarine began to make itself felt, measures like those taken by Mr. Lloyd George and his Government would have greatly forestalled our present risks, but neither then, nor at any period since the accession of Mr. Asquith's Government, were any preparations made to secure the food supply of the country in the event of war, any more than they were made for a European war itself. In the latter case we know that Lord Roberts, who spent the last years of his life in warning the country of the danger that Germany was brewing for us, was not listened to by the Government, some members of which derided and scoffed at him, and went so far as to call him "a miserable old man" who tried to create friction between ourselves and Germany. One cannot look for prescience in humanity, and the vast proportion of the nation looked upon war with Germany as unthinkable, in spite of the preparations she was making to attack somebody, and the fifty millions sterling which she raised in 1913 by super-taxation for warlike purposes. It hardly becomes Mr. Asquith or any member of his ministry to attempt to excuse themselves by asserting that they took steps to meet the attack upon us, which Germany was contemplating, or that they realised in the slightest degree the danger. Mr. Henry Page Croft, in his important letter to the "Times" of 12 May upon the subject of our food supply, quotes from a speech of Sir H. Verney on behalf of Mr. Asquith, 9 September 1914, after the outbreak of war: "I am glad to be able to announce that the Government, after a minute examination of the position, are satisfied that there is no necessity for them to take any action of the kind suggested. . . . With regard to next year's cereal crop, the Government have arrived at the conclusion that they will not be justified in holding out any financial inducement to increase their acreage of cereals". No more striking proof of the negligence and lethargy of the late Government could be furnished than by these words of one of themselves, and the present highly critical position of matters as regards food supplies is directly the result of a Government whose doings were regulated by the principle of sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.

Yours, etc.,

ALFRED E. TURNER.

DOGS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Russell Chambers, King Street, Nottingham,

14 May 1917.

SIR,—I can assure your readers that little, if any, food is used for dogs that is capable of human consumption, their staple diet being horseflesh, sheep's paunches, butchers' offal, greaves, fishes' heads, and millers' sweepings. My Association, before the matter was so acute, realising the danger of such a campaign that has now arisen, in order to demonstrate its sense of duty to the nation, circularised its members, asking them to greatly—if not entirely—restrict their breeding operations for this year. Few people realise that the breeding of pedigree dogs is so important as it is. The value of the dogs in this country to-day is roughly £3,000,000 yearly. Fanciers, in order not to embarrass the Government, have abandoned open shows (there was no Board of Trade mandate), and this has meant heavy losses, whilst export prices have been

vastly reduced thereby. Last year a fox terrier was sold to U.S.A. for £1,000. Years of infinite toil, together with much expenditure of money, is required to establish a strain. Many have invested their all in their kennels. The proposed step means ruin to them and seriously increases the burden of all. We are striving to keep our kennels together, so as to again commence breeding when the war is over, and to most the expense is sufficiently heavy. Few can realise the affection and pride we have in our animals, and right worthily they deserve it.

The dog is man's most loyal friend; his affection never changes. He is faithful, a defender and protector. His presence is a comfort to many thousands of homes to-day, where the husband is away serving his country in this hour of dire need, while his presence serves to comfort many a poor bereaved wife or mother.

If every dog were destroyed to-morrow it would not mean a meal per year for the people of this country.

Yours, etc.,

W. J. CECIL HAYWARD,
Hon. Sec. and Treasurer, Wire Fox Terrier
Association.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, S.W.5.

11 May 1917.

SIR,—Allow me, in the name of a threatened race, to thank you for your magnificent protest on our behalf in last Saturday's "Notes". I and my predecessors have always been treated as dear friends, and my mistress asks me to say that she has read your paper regularly for 36 years, and, that whatever war economies she is forced to practise, she hopes she will always be able to take the one paper that maintains a fair and sober outlook, and that never gives way to hysteria.

Yours faithfully,

"JOHN BULL"
(A British-born Dachshund).

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16, Dagenham Road,

Rusholme, Manchester,

10 May 1917.

SIR,—The proposal for the general and wholesale slaughter of dogs is, as you truly say in your excellent note, both "frantic" and "inhuman".

These domestic pets, with cats, are often very useful as well as ornamental adjuncts to our homes. They have their proper place and use, but should not be mere pampered, spoilt and over-fed pets to fill up and while away unused and valuable hours of leisure, or mere playthings for giddy and thoughtless ladies, who ought to be better occupied this great European war-time and at all other times.

The dogs of the East were, and I believe still are, the wandering and restless scavengers of cities, towns, and villages; but our generally fine English and Scotch dogs are a vast improvement on Eastern dogs, which are, in Holy Scripture, used as symbols of contempt, loathsomeness, and savagery. However, give these Eastern animals their due: they, degraded as they were, had at the least some due and proper consideration and sympathy for the poor and afflicted in them. They licked the sores of poor Lazarus of the parable, which the heartless and unfeeling Dives had treated with utmost scorn and contempt, and had also wickedly refused him the very necessities of life and existence, as he (Lazarus) sat in pain and hunger at the gate of his princely mansion.

Our dogs are most certainly worthy of due and proper care and consideration at our hands. The little food they require, along with our affectionate cats and noble horses, can easily be spared for them.

Yours faithfully,

(REV.) WILLIAM WILSON.

THE KAISER AND THE GERMAN PEOPLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10, Onslow Crescent, S.W.

SIR,—I should like to endorse Mr. Arthur Lovell's letter in your issue of Saturday, 29 April, headed "The Kaiser and the German People", from my own personal experience.

Visiting a wounded Rifleman in hospital about a year ago, I asked him whether it was true that the hands of tiny infants had been found in the possession of German soldiers, who were keeping them to send as souvenirs to their wives, and whether he himself had witnessed it. The man's face darkened and his eyes flashed as he answered, "Aye! and not once or twice neither". A man is likely to make little mistake as to what sort of "souvenir" will best please his women folk. Comment is needless, but this bears out what I heard a prisoner returned from Ruhleben tell his audience: "Never believe when you are told the German women are better than the men; they are worse". He proceeded to say that he saw a German woman strike a helpless English prisoner in the face with a whip and cut out his eye. Is it any wonder that the National Imperial Association, to which I have the honour to belong, stands for the elimination of all German influence from the Empire? Contact with such people means contamination.

I am, sir, yours, etc.,

EVELYN TEMPLETOWN.

UNION JACK AND STARS AND STRIPES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—On America Day the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes flew side by side from the same flagstaff over the roof of the "Rag". The two flags were pressed close together by the wind, and as I passed I saw for a moment in the bright sunshine American stars gleaming dimly through the red cross of St. George, as though woven into the bunting. Was it an omen?

Yours, etc.,

R.

"SAVING THE LIVES OF GERMANS".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The complaint of your correspondent in your issue of 5 May 1917 affords an apt illustration of our national dislike of irony.

Has your correspondent read in the Press previous accounts of naval engagements from the German point of view? If so he cannot fail to have been struck with the wholesale sinking of British vessels and the triumphant return to port of all German vessels and their crews intact.

The Admiralty were fortunate in preserving living proofs to the contrary in this instance.

Does not your correspondent realise that the moment an enemy in arms surrenders he becomes a non-combatant, and does he wish us to imitate the Boches in our treatment of such?

Does he realise that as a nation we are sportsmen, and that we have never yet lacked in chivalrous feeling towards a fallen foe, however bitterly we may have cause to hate him?

Yours faithfully,

CAPTAIN.

WOMAN'S DRESS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 May 1917.

SIR,—Are women of fashion to-day in London dressing deliberately to imitate the demi-monde, or is it that the demi-monde is dressing to imitate the women of fashion? It obviously must be one or the other, for it has become next to impossible to tell by sight the difference between them.

Yours,

A MAN.



The Maternity Hospital at Chalons-sur-Marne. 3.01.17

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

in carrying on its work of RELIEF of the SUFFERING VICTIMS of the WAR has raised ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS for its maintenance. It is carried on by some 170 Representatives in a large number of Relief Centres in FRANCE, in HOLLAND, and in the GOVERNMENT of SAMARA in distant RUSSIA.

The expenditure is now about £1,000 a week, and it asks for financial support from the general public.

We are giving Medical and Nursing Help in a considerable number of our Stations, accompanied by the provision of shelter for the Homeless, clothing and household requisites in the new wood huts we are building in France, the timber for which is provided by the FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

We are supplying help to restart the Farming Industry with necessary seeds and farming implements in localities devastated by battle, where farms have been utterly destroyed.

In Holland we have provided shelter and help in a variety of ways, as well as occupation for the refugees from Belgium, who are located there.

In Russia we have established Relief Centres, where clothing and other necessities are distributed, and where industries, including spinning, weaving, and knitting are organised for the benefit of the destitute people who have no one else to help them.

WE ASK THE FINANCIAL SUPPORT OF THE PUBLIC IN THIS WORK OF CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE

Contributions may be sent to Miss A. RUTH FRY, the Honorary Secretary to the War Victims' Relief Committee at the office at

**Ethelburga House,
91 Bishopsgate, London, E.C.,**

who will gladly furnish any further information that may be desired.

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Extracted from the Annual Report for the year ended
31st December, 1916.

				Per ton, based on tonnage milled.
Total Working Revenue	£652,568 3 0	£1 5 3
Total Working Costs	393,949 9 0	0 15 3
Working Profit	£258,618 14 0	£0 10 0
Total Profit for year	£279,798 9 6	
Balance unappropriated at 31st December, 1915	83,659 10 4	
			£363,457 19 10	
This amount has been dealt with as follows:—				
Government Taxes, Miners' Phthisis Contributions, Donations to War Charities, Mining Rights acquired, etc.				41,984 1 6
				£321,473 18 4
Dividends declared during the year:—				
Nos. 24 and 25 of 25 per cent. each				234,812 10 0
				£86,661 8 4
Leaving a balance unappropriated of...				

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The full report and accounts may be obtained from the London Agents, The Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, 10 and 11, Austin Friars, E.C.2.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.

EXAMINATION, May 29th, 30th and 31st. At least TEN ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £75 to £20, and some HOUSE MASTERS' EXHIBITIONS will be offered to candidates who are not already in the College. whether Senior or Junior Department, including JAMES OF HEREFORD SCHOLARSHIP, value £35 per annum, with preference for boys born, educated, or residing in Herefordshire. Also ARMY and OLD CHELTONIAN SCHOLARSHIPS. Some nominations for sons of the Clergy, value £30 per annum, are open for next term.—Apply to the BURSAR, The College, Cheltenham.

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Extracted from the Annual Report for the year ended
31st December, 1916.

			Per Ton based on Tonnage Milled.
Total Working Revenue	£1,048,325 6 3	£1 19 5
Total Working Costs	473,010 18 11	0 17 9
Working Profit	£575,314 7 4	£1 1 8
Total Profit for year	£587,926 4 6	
Balance unappropriated at 31st December, 1915	154,678 3 7	
		£742,604 8 1	
This amount has been dealt with as follows :—			
Government Taxes, Miners' Phthisis Contributions, Donations to War Charities, and Depreciation	91,512 18 4	
		£651,091 9 9	
Dividends declared during the year—Nos. 6 and 7 of 20 per cent. each	478,756 16 0	
Leaving a Balance unappropriated of	£172,334 13 9	

The **Payable Ore Reserves** at the end of the year were estimated at **2,168,851** stoping tons, having an assay value of **8·7** dwts. over a stoping width of 68 inches. As compared with the position a year ago, this shows an increase of **124,743** tons, an increase of **6** inches in the stoping width, and an improvement in value of **0·3** dwt.

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C. MARX. D. CHRISTOPHERSON.

Extracted from the Annual Report for the Year ended 31st December, 1916.

					Per ton based on Tonnage Milled.
Total Working Revenue	£1,008,779 12 1	£1 7 1
Total Working Costs	804,091 6 3	1 1 7
Working Profit	£204,688 5 10	5 6
Total Profit for year	£216,400 12 10
Balance unappropriated at 31st December, 1915	111,598 15 0
					£327,999 7 10

This amount has been dealt with as follows:—

Government of the Union of South Africa, share of profits	£32,502 6 5	
Balance of Interest, Miners' Phthisis Con- tributions, Donations to War Charities and Income-Tax	14,999 2 7	
					47,501 9 0

Leaving a balance unappropriated of... **£280,497 18 10**

The **Payable Ore Reserves** at the end of the year were estimated at **4,930,000** stopping tons of an assay value of **7·2** dwts. over an estimated stopping width of 75 inches. As compared with the position at the end of 1915, the reserves show an increase of **1,285,000** tons, the stopping width an increase of 7 inches, and the value an increase of **·3** dwt.

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Extracted from the Annual Report for the Year ended 31st December, 1916.

				Per Ton based on tonnage milled.
Total Working Revenue	£785,636 15 11	£1 5 1
Total Working Costs	505,975 4 6	0 18 2
Working Profit	£279,661 11 5	£0 8 11
Total profit for the year	£284,396 4 4	
Balance unappropriated at 31st December, 1915	75,196 0 1	
			£359,592 4 5	

This amount has been dealt with as follows:—

Government Taxes, Debenture Interest and Expenses,
Miners' Phthisis Contributions and Donations to War
Charities

47,215 1 1

£312,377 3 4

Dividends declared during the year:—

No. 6 of 12½ per cent. and No. 7 of 10 per cent.

213,750 0 0

Leaving a balance unappropriated of

£98,627 3 4

The Payable Ore Reserves at the end of the year were estimated to amount to 2,174,536 stopping tons, having an assay value of 6.2 dwts. over a stopping width of 49 inches.

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